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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 19

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

PAULINE PHELPS

EDGAR S. WERNER PUBLISHING & SUPPLY COMPANY (INC.)
NEW YORK

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Werner's Readings and Recitations

No. 19.

URSUS AND THE AUROCHS.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

[Arranged from "Quo Vadis," by permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.]

[The scene is laid in Rome, at the time of Nero's persecution of the Christians, wrongly accused of burning that city. Vinicius, a Roman tribune, was passionately enamored of Lygia, daughter of a Lygian king, a Christian maiden, delivered to the Roman people in her youth as a hostage. Their marriage was to take place in a few days. But then came the burning of Rome. Nero, frightened at the outcry against the terrible conflagration, conceived the idea of laying the blame upon the devotees of the new faith, and propitiating his own followers by spectacles of the torture of the Christians. The gardens of Rome were lighted by bodies of men, women, and children burning upon the rack; they were tied in skins of wild beasts, and thrown to lions in the amphitheatre; they were crucified. The emperor, in his half-demoniac frenzy, turned aside neither for youth nor for beauty, nor for the laws of nations. Lygia was seized with the rest; and with her Ursus, also a Christian, a man with the stature and the strength of a giant. But not for them the common fate upon the rack or the cross. The beauty of Lygia; the devotion of Vinicius, who had become a Christian and who had exhausted every effort to save her; and above all, the stories of the wonderful strength of the devoted slave; had aroused the curiosity and interest of the people; and Nero, ever mindful of pictures and effects, reserved their torture and death for the final scene of that awful week of tragedy.]

THOUGH the people were sated already with blood-spilling, when the news went forth that the end of the games was approaching, and that the last of the Christians were to die at an evening spectacle, a countless audience as-

sembled in the amphitheatre. Nero had kept secret the kind of punishment intended for the betrothed of the young tribune, but that merely roused general curiosity. Every eye was turned with strained gaze to the place where the unfortunate lover was sitting. He was exceedingly pale, and his forehead was covered with drops of sweat. Now, without clear consciousness of what was happening in his mind, he had the feeling that if he should see Lygia tortured, his love for God would be turned to hatred, and his faith to despair. But he was amazed at the feeling, for he feared to offend Christ, whom he was imploring for mercy and miracles. Finally, as a man falling over a precipice grasps at everything which grows on the edge of it, so did he grasp with both hands at the thought that faith of itself could save her. That one method remained! Peter had said that faith could move the earth to its foundations.

Hence he rallied; he crushed doubt in himself, he compressed his whole being into the sentence, "I believe," and he looked for a miracle.

At that very instant almost, the prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus into the brightly lighted arena.

The giant blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed to the centre, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet. At sight of him a murmur passed along every bench. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. The people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree-trunks, at his breast as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules. He stood there, in the middle of the amphitheatre,—naked, more like a stone colossus than a man, with a collected expression, and at the same time the sad look of a barbarian; and while surveying the empty arena, he gazed wonderingly with his blue, childlike eyes, now at the spectators, now at Cæsar, now at the grating of the cunicula, whence, as he thought, his executioners

would come. He was unarmed, and had determined to die peacefully and patiently; so he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes toward the stars.

Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast-keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, squirmed like a man who feels a sharp dart through his body, and began to repeat in hoarse accents:

"I believe! I believe! Oh, Christ, a miracle!"

He did not look, he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head there remained not a thought; his lips merely repeated, as if in madness:

"I believe! I believe! I believe!"

The Augustians rose in their places as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. Ursus, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and bending forward, he ran at the raging animal. From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

Ursus fell on the raging bull in a twinkle, and seized him by the horns. All breasts ceased to breathe. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

Ursus held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank into the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. The man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet, as well as did the man, into the sand, and his dark shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a

gigantic ball. Which of the two would fall first, which would fall first?—that was the question for those spectators enamored of such struggles; a question which at that moment meant more for them than their own fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world.

In the amphitheatre were men who had raised their arms and remained in that posture. Sweat covered the faces of others, as if they themselves were struggling with the beast. In the circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lamps, and the crackle of bits of coal, as they dropped from the torches. Their voices died on the lips of the spectators, but their hearts were beating in their breasts as if to split them.

Meanwhile, a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck and arms of Ursus grew purple; his back bent still more.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful, grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws crept forth a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of spectators sitting nearer came, as it were, the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkle the ropes from the horns of the bull and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly. For a moment he stood as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators. The amphitheatre had gone wild. The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which turned into one unbroken thunder. The giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome. But his thought was not on himself alone. Approaching Cæsar's

podium, and holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, he raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say: "Have mercy on her! Save the maiden! I did that for her sake!"

At sight of the unconscious maiden, who near the enormous Lygian seemed a child, emotion seized the multitude of knights and senators. Her slender form, as white as if chiseled from alabaster, her fainting, the dreadful danger from which the giant had freed her, and, finally, her beauty and attachment had moved every heart. Pity burst forth suddenly, like a flame. They had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both.

Meanwhile, Ursus, holding the girl in his arms, moved around the arena, and with his eyes and with motions begged her life for her. Now Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and running to Lygia, covered her naked body with his toga. Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the audience.

At this the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. The crowd stamped and howled. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in defense of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clenched fists.

But Cæsar halted and hesitated. The death of Lygia did not concern him; but he preferred to see the body of the maiden rent by the horns of the bull or torn by the claws of beasts. His cruelty, his deformed imagination, found a kind of delight in such spectacles. So he gazed around to see if among the Augustians, at least, he could not find thumbs turned down in sign of death. But Petronius held up his hand, and looked into Nero's face almost challengingly; Vestinius gave a sign for mercy also; so did Scevinus, the senator; so did Nerva; so did Tullius Senecio; and Thrasea,

most important of all. Then Nero turned to the place where command over the pretorians was held by the stern Subrius Flavius. The face of the old tribune was stern, but covered with tears, and he was holding his hand up in a sign of mercy.

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust rose from beneath the stamping feet, and filled the amphitheatre. In the midst of shouts were heard cries: "Ahenobarbus! matricide! incendiary!"

Nero was alarmed. He looked once more at Subrius Flavius; at Scevinus, the centurion; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, excited faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the signal for mercy.

Then a thunder of applause was heard from the highest seats to the lowest. The people were sure of the lives of the condemned, for from that moment they went under their protection, and even Cæsar would not have dared to pursue them any longer with his vengeance.

Pronunciations: Vinicius, Vin-ĭsh'-ĭ-us; Lygia, Lĭj'-ĭ-a; Ūr'-sus; Scevinus, Sē-vī'nus; Senecio, Sēn-ē'-shio; Thras'-e-a.

MARTIN RELPH.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[This is one of the most dramatic of Browning's later poems, in which Martin Relph tells the reason why he did not speak out and save the woman he loved from being shot to death as a traitor.]

IF I last as long as Methuselah I shall never forgive myself;
But—God forgive me, that I pray, unhappy Martin Relph,
As coward, coward I call him—him, yes, him! Away from me!
Get you behind the man I am now, you man that I used to be!

So, cap me, the coward—thus! No fear! A cuff on the brow does good,
The feel of it hinders a worm inside which bores at the brain for food.
See now, there certainly seems excuse: For a moment, I trust, dear friends,
The fault was but folly, no fault of mine, or if mine, I have made amends!

For, every day that is first of May, on the hill-top, here stand I,
Martin Relph, and I strike my brow, and publish the reason why,
When there gathers a crowd to mock the fool. No fool, friends, since the bite
Of a worm inside is worse to bear. Pray God I have balked him quite!

I'll tell you. Certainly much excuse! It came of the way they cooped
Us peasantry up in a ring just here, close huddling because tight-hooped
By the red-coats round us villagers all. They meant we should see the sight
And take the example,—see, not speak, for speech was the captain's right.

"You clowns on the slope, beware!" cried he. "This woman about to die
Gives by her fate fair warning to such acquaintance as play the spy.
Henceforth, who meddle with matters of state above them perhaps will learn
That peasants should stick to their ploughtail, leave to the King the King's concern.

"Is the counsel hard to follow? I gave it you plainly a month ago,
And where was the good? The rebels have learned just all that they need to know.

Not a month since in we quietly marched. A week, and they had the news,
From a list complete of our rank and file to a note of our caps and shoes.

"All about all we did, and all we were doing, and like to do!
Only, I catch a letter by luck, and capture who wrote it, too.
Some of you men look black enough, but the milk-white face demure
Betokens the finger foul with ink. 'Tis a woman who writes, be sure!

"Is it 'Dearie, how much I miss your mouth!'—good natural stuff, she pens!
Some sprinkle of that, for a blind, of course; with talk about cocks and hens,
How 'robin has built on the apple-tree, and our creeper which came to grief
Through the frost, we feared, is twining afresh round casement in famous leaf.'

"But all for a blind! She soon glides frank into 'Horrid the place is grown
With officers here and privates there, no nook we may call our own.
And Farmer Giles has a tribe to house, and lodging will be to seek
For the second company sure to come ('tis whispered) on Monday week.'

"That traitors had played us false was proved—sent news which fell so pat;
And the murder was out—this letter of love, the sender of this sent that!
'Tis an ugly job, though, all the same—a hateful, to have to deal
With a case of the kind; when a woman's in fault, we soldiers need nerves of steel!

"So, I gave her a chance, despatched post-haste a message to Vincent Parkes,
Whom she wrote to. Easy to find he was, since one of the King's own clerks,
Ay, kept by the King's own gold in the town close by the rebels' camp—
A sort of a lawyer, just the man to betray our sort—the scamp!

"'If her writing is simple and honest and only the lover-like stuff it looks,
And if you yourself are a loyalist, nor down in the rebels' books,
Come quick,' said I, 'and in person prove you are each of you clear of crime,
Or martial law must take its course. This day next week's the time!'

"Next week is now. Does he come? Not he! Clean gone our clerk, in a trice!
He has left his sweetheart here in the lurch. No need of a warning twice!
His own neck free, but his partner's fast in the noose still, here she stands
To pay for her fault. 'Tis an ugly job, but soldiers obey commands.

"And hearken wherefore I make a speech! Should any acquaintance share
The folly that led to the fault that is now to be punished, let fools beware!
Look black, if you please, but keep hands white, and, above all else, keep wives—
Or sweethearts or what they may be—from ink! Not a word now, on your lives!"

And all that time stood Rosamund Page, with pinioned arms and face
Bandaged about, on the turf marked out for the party's firing-place.

I hope she was wholly with God. I hope 'twas His angel stretched a hand
To steady her so, like the shape of stone you see in our church-aisle stand.

I hope there was no vain fancy pierced the bandage to vex her eyes,
No face within which she missed without, no questions and no replies—
"Why did you leave me to die?"—"Because—" Oh, fiends, too soon you grin
At merely a moment of hell, like that—such heaven as hell ended in!

Let mine end, too. He gave the word, up went the guns in a line.
Those heaped on the hill were blind as dumb,—for, of all eyes, only mine
Looked over the heads of the foremost rank. Some fell on their knees in prayer,
Some sank to the earth, but all shut eyes, with a sole exception there.

Can I speak, can I breathe, can I burst—aught else but see, see, only see?
And see I do—for there comes in sight—a man, it sure must be!—
Who staggeringly, stumblingly, rises, falls, rises, at random flings his weight
On and on, anyhow onward—a man that's mad he arrives too late!

Else why does he wave a something white, high-flourished above his head?
Why does not he call, cry,—curse the fool!—why throw up his arms instead?
O take this fist in your own face, fool! Why does not yourself shout "Stay!
Here's a man comes rushing, might and main, with something he's mad to say?"

And a minute, only a moment, to have hell-fire boil up in
your brain,
And ere you can judge things right, choose heaven,—time's
over, repentance vain!
They level. A volley, a smoke and the clearing of smoke. I
see no more
Of the man smoke hid, nor his frantic arms, nor the some-
thing white he bore.

But stretched on the field, some half-mile off, is an object.
Surely dumb,
Deaf, blind, were we struck, that nobody heard, not one of
us saw him come!
Has he fainted through fright? One may well believe!
What is it he holds so fast.
Turn him over, examine the face! Heyday! What, Vincent
Parkes at last?

Dead! dead as she, by the self-same shot. One bullet has
ended both.
Her in the body and him in the soul. They laugh at our
plighted troth.
"Till death us do part?" Till death us do join past parting
—that sounds like
Betrothal indeed! O Vincent Parkes, what need has my fist
to strike?

And torn his garb and bloody his lips with heart-break.
Plain it grew
How the week's delay had been brought about. Each guess
at the end proved true.
It was hard to get at the folks in power; such waste of time!
and then
Such pleading and praying, with, all the while, his lamb in
the lion's den!

And the thing once signed, sealed, safe in his grasp,—what
followed but fresh delays?
For the floods were out, he was forced to take such a round-
about of ways!

And 'twas "Halt there!" at every turn of the road, since he had to cross the thick
Of the red-coats. What did they care for him and his "Quick, for God's sake, quick!"

And a borough there was—I forget the name—whose mayor must have the bench
Of justices ranged to clear a doubt, for "Vincent," thinks he, sounds French!
It well may have driven him daft, God knows! All men can certainly know
Is, rushing and falling and rising, at last he arrived in a horror—so!

When a word, cry, gasp, would have rescued both! Ay, bite me! The worm begins
At his work once more. Had cowardice proved—that only —my sin of sins!
Friends, look you here! Suppose—suppose— But mad I am, needs must be!
Judas the damned would never have dared such a sin as I dream! For see!—

Suppose I had sneakingly loved her myself, my wretched self, and dreamed
In the heart of me: "She were better dead than happy and his!"—while gleamed
A light from hell as I spied the pair in a perfectest embrace,
He the saviour and she the saved,—bliss born of the very murder-place!

No! Say I was scared, friends! Call me fool and coward, but nothing worse!
Jeer at the fool and jibe at the coward! 'Twas ever the coward's curse
That fear breeds fancies in such. Such take their shadow for substance still,—
A fiend at their back. I liked poor Parkes,—loved Vincent, if you will!

And her—why, I said "good morrow" to her, "good
even," and nothing more;
The neighborly way! She was just to me as fifty had been
before.
So, coward it is and coward shall be! There's a friend,
now! Thanks! A drink
Of water I wanted. And now I can walk, get home by
myself, I think..

CUBA'S MAIDEN MARTYR.

EUGENIE B. HARDING.

"We live in deeds, not years."

[It has been said that the Cubans, in their determination to be free, consider no means too insignificant for their use. A bough of a tree dropped across a road conveys a message to them unknown or unnoticed by anyone else. Also, an instance has been noted of a Cuban burning down his own house, lest he might be tempted at any time to give up the fight.]

IT was that hushed, expectant hour ere yet
Nature doth softly stir, awaking from
The night. The myriad stars still shone, and all
The air was crystalline with that first faint
Pearl-touch of light that filters through the dark.
The changeful opalescence of the dawn
But made the shadows of the earth to seem
The deeper where, mid lavish emerald undergrowth,
Something—small, frightened, and alert—lay hid
Beside a winding road that glimmered white in the dawn-
twilight.
'Twas young Felisa, Cuba's patriot maid,
Seeking to guide a rebel band, to pass
The Spanish fortress by a path unseen.
Her young feet, that through sixteen sunny years
Had scarce yet danced, fell fleet and silently.

She ran far down the sinuous, dusky trail,
To where two crossroads met,—then paused, alert,
Expectant, like some startled fawn, and pressed
Upon her throbbing heart the hand that clasped
The sheaf of long red blossoms that she bore.
But all was still—no tramp of man or beast
Startled the silent dawn.

A light shrub brushed
Her full, soft cheek,—she sprang back in the shade
With eyes dilate and panting breath. Then, once more
Gazed cautiously from out her covert shade,
And swiftly sprang into the wide space where
The two paths crossed, and dropped on one her flowers,—
A snow-white spray of fragile, clustered blooms—
Then sprang back in the friendly woodland shade,
And laughed, and whispered to herself: "The first!
Ah! father, thou didst stir my soul with those
Last words of thine: 'Remember, child, that thou
Art born of that same blood that flushed the veins
Of Cuba's Lopez martyred years ago.
As he was brave, intrepid,—as he died,
Aye! so shall we—for Cuba's liberty.
Never to yield while hope burns in each breast,
Though but a rushlight faint and pale. Now go,
Spy out the land, and drop your blossoms white
Where all is safe, to mark the way, and where
The forest pathway nears the trocha's line,
Drop thou a red flower, as a warning bright.
So we shall ride, led by thy little hand;
Ride swiftly,—father, brother, lover—all
Our conquering patriot band—ride storming down
Upon the City of a Hundred Fires!' "*
Such words as these, late spoken by her sire,
Now with their memory had nerved her soul.

Another flower-signal in the dust
She laid, and smiled, and whispered, to the dawn:

* Cienfuegos.

"Another! Ah! twice have I planted thee,
O my sweet flower of Cuba's liberty.
Twice more, and closer to the trocha's line—
Then, speeding back, I'll meet them riding down—
Father, Enriquez, my José! And who
Can stand before their machetes' glancing blades?"
Soft! soft! Felisa, steal along!

"And now
'Tis thy turn, scarlet beauty! Aye! lie there!
O hark! What sound was that methought I heard?
The trocha's line! *Madre santissima!*"
Felisa crossed herself with trembling hands.
"Remember, child, that thou art born of that
Same blood that thrilled with Freedom's love the veins
Of Cuba's Lopez martyred years ago!"
Then, something caught at her child-heart, and cried:
"Away! for life is sweet, and thou art young!
Fly! fly, Felisa! ere it is too late!"
Ah! but that heart-echo! "Remember, child, that thou art born
Of that same blood that flushed with Freedom's love
The veins of martyred Lopez!" Hush, O hush!
Quickly she sprang out in the road, and dropped
A flame-hued blossom, and then turned to flee.
A click! a flash! and one short, anguished cry!
Then, as she fell, her signal-blossoms rained,
A falling shower, from her uptossed hands.
And there, with them, across the road she lies,
The crimson of her life-tide blended with
The flame-hued flowers' danger-warning bright.

And now Enriquez, Lopez the father, and José
Ride in advance, and leave their band a space,
Eager to mark the maiden's signal blooms.
"Ah! here—and here, 'tis white! Ride, comrades, ride!
Ride swiftly, for the way is clear! Still white!
Ride for the City of a Hundred Fires!
Red! Yonder red! Quick, close up ranks, but ride!

Aye! for the City of a Hundred Fires!
Enriquez! Enriquez! what do you see?
Dead? dead? Oh, no, not dead—my little maid!
Felisa, *mi querida*—O my child!
Oh, martyred daughter of heroic line!
Ride, comrades, still ride on—bear fire and blade;
I must pause here, and bury first my dead."

Slowly they bore her back unto her home,
Slowly they cut the sod and laid her 'neath.
Then on the grave they crossed their machetes' blades,
Father and brother and young lover—three
Whose lives were seared by this calamity—
And swore to spare no foe, but to avenge
The fair young face beneath, or if need, die
For Cuba's liberty. And then a brand,
Last smoldering on his own home-altar hearth,
The elder Lopez seized, and fired the house.
And, as the sacrificial flames ascended high,
Sadly he spoke: "Thus have I offered all—
All, O my country, for the love of thee!
The battle-field henceforth shall be our home,
And Cuba shall be free! *Cuba libre!*
Cuba libre! Then hasten we to ride—
Ride, comrades in a common woe, ride fast!
Ride for the City of a Hundred Fires!"

THE SINGING BABY.

GRACE WINTHROP.

HER name was Sarah Jane Donovan; but all the world of Tennyson Court knew her best as "the singing baby." She had lived two years and six months, and had already won a name and reputation. That the Donovan family felt proud of her accomplishment goes without saying. Her fame had spread, and her appearance in her new carriage

was a signal for the general cessation of games and mischief, and the gradual gathering of admiring friends of all ages.

"Give us a song!" was the unanimous cry.

"Go 'long wid ye!" says Mikey, her brother and charioteer, wary of the public favor.

"Pra' give us a song,—jes' one."

With scornful reluctance the carriage is stopped. Baby knows what is expected of her. She is beaming over all her broad, rosy face.

"What'll ye have?" says Mikey, as if time was money.

"'Master's in the Cold Ground,'" shouts a voice.

"Naw; 'Golden Slippers,'" screams another.

"Give us 'The Sweet Bye and Bye,'" cries a sick-looking girl with hungry eyes.

"Baby, sing for Mikey 'The Sweet Bye and Bye,'" says this gentleman, coaxingly.

Baby's feet are kicking for joy. She needs no urging. Out on the street air rings her sweet, clear little voice:

> "In 'e tweet bye an' bye,
> We shall meet on 'e bootiful shore,
> Bye an' bye—"

and everyone listens breathless. The song finished, a shout of applause goes up, and from all the surrounding door-steps and windows come exclamations: "Ora! bliss her swate sowl!" and "May the blissed saints presarve her!"

"Make room, can't ye?" cries the unmoved Mikey, and baby, beaming upon her friends, tumbles away, followed by a few straggling admirers.

Bridget Donovan, baby's mother, went out two days in the week washing. It so happened that on one of these occasions, John Donovan, the father of the family, chanced to be out of work, and he was left at home in charge of the talented Sarah Jane.

"Don't you be after lettin' her git into the butter now, an' have an eye for the stove, for fear she'll get burnt," were his wife's parting words.

"Git off, will ye? D'ye think I m the father of six kids,

an' a-goin' to be tuk in by the youngest of 'em, an' a girl at that?"

So Mrs. Donovan left him smoking his clay pipe.

For a time baby played contentedly with her dolly, singing loudly to herself. Meanwhile, John's pipe went out and he turned to fill it with tobacco from the bag in the cupboard. A sudden scream, a splashing of water and a rattling fall of tinware brought him with one leap to baby's side. The tin can that always held hot water had been caught in her fluttering dress, and its scalding, boiling contents were received into the neck of her little frock.

When the doctor arrived, he found baby on a kind neighbor's lap. Her poor, little face was distorted with pain; her moans pitiful to hear. The doctor looked grave. He tenderly dressed the little arms and breast, and then advised her removal to the hospital.

"She will need the most skilful nursing and care; her life depends upon that," were his words. So Mikey, followed by his father and a crowd of sympathetic friends, bore the tiny prima donna to the great hospital building, where she was placed into a small white bed in the children's ward. There for three days, she lay a suffering, patient bit of humanity; and Mikey, with eyes full of dumb anguish, came and watched by her side.

On the afternoon of the third day some visitors were passing through the wards. A lady, tall, beautiful and gracious, stopped at the foot of baby's bed, with a face full of compassion:

"Poor little thing! can you save her, doctor?" she said.

"I think not," was the answer.

"Mikey, Mikey!" cried baby, in her weak little voice. "Sing, Mikey."

"I—can't—sing,—baby."

"Somebody sing for baby, then!" pleaded the little one, faintly.

"Oh, I will sing," said the lady, with a lovely smile.

She took off her bonnet, and holding it in her hands, she began to sing. The soothing, heavenly melody stole through

the long, quiet room, and filled each corner with its tender sweetness. Over the little pain-drawn baby face flashed a gleam of joy. Her lips parted with a smile; she moved her little hands feebly in time to the music.

"Mikey! Mikey! oh, listen!"

The last note lingered and died away on the eager silence. Then rose faintly—oh, so faintly—a tiny, sweet, little sound:

"In 'e tweet—bye an' bye,
We shall meet—on 'e bootiful shore,
Bye an' bye—"

"Oh, no, baby! Oh, don't, baby!"

But baby had closed her eyes, with a smile on her little, placid face, for with her there was to be no more pain, but music such as never gladdened earthly ears, and love, the tenderest, beyond our comprehension. Somewhere her little voice joins with the song of the angels.

ROBERT.

JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

I HAD never had chances of schools and learning, you see;
But hard, hard work. And when my boy was growing so straight and tall,
And handsome, too, with a friendly word and a kindly glance fron. all,
I studied over and over again, by every plan and rule,
How I could manage to earn enough to send the boy to school.

One night I lifted my head and looked across to Robert, and said:
"Robbie, you're going to school!" And Robbie sprang up with a cry:

"Oh, mother, could I go?" And then answered himself with a sigh:
"But there is no money; and how can I leave you here alone?"
"You are going," I said in my way,—a harsh, firm way, and yet
It has won the day for Robert, in some things he'll not forget.

Well, I kept Robert at school. Sometimes it was hard, but still,
Having but him to work for, I worked with a better will. Now there was the ten-acre field;
I plowed, and planted, and gathered, and there never was better yield.
And I sold milk and butter, for that brought money, you see,
And I could do without them; their loss was nothing to me.
And then, at night, I could knit; and the socks and things would sell;
And, oh, I was glad I could work! And I managed very well.
And still I worked, and managed, while Robert studied and learned;
And I was prouder than Robert of the prizes he had earned.

It was four years—just think of it, four long, lonely years—
Since I had stood on the doorway there, a-looking through my tears,—
When all at once behind me, a quick, firm footstep passed
Along the walk and up the steps, and there he stood at last!
"Robert!" I cried, and he let me weep my heart out on his breast,
For he was strong, and I needed an arm on which to rest.
And I was so tired, so tired! I had not felt it before.
But when I saw my manly boy a-standing in the door,
And knew my work was over,—all over, the long heart-ache—

Why I leaned my head upon his breast and wept like my heart would break.
And I said: "It is over, Robbie. The parting was long and drear,
And the house has been sad and lonely and still; but you are here,
And there will be no more parting till one of us says good-bye
And lies down out in the churchyard there, with never a tear or sigh."
"Mother," said Robert, "the city's my home, and I've my work to do.
I have just come back, before I begin, to spend a day with you."

"Robbie," I said, and trembled till my voice trembled, too,
"I didn't think to leave this place, but I'll leave it, dear, with you.
Since you like the city best, my boy, I'll go with you, and try
To make home in the midst of it, as the busy years go by."

"No, mother," said Robbie quickly, with a curious catch in his breath,
And his face, that had been red just now, grew pale as the pallor of death.
"You wouldn't be happy there, and I'd like it best to see
This old place kept up just as it is, and you waiting here for me."

Oh, no, I don't blame Robert. I was ignorant and old,
My dress was poor, my hands were rough and brown with sun and cold.
A pretty figure I'd 'a' been among fine city folks,
A-dragging Robert down with me, a target for their jokes!

Next day I sat and watched him, so gay and light of heart,
As he stood in the door, impatient for the old stage-coach to start.
And when it came, he kissed me, and ran to take his place,

And did not look back once to see his mother's worn old face.
Well, somehow the years went onward—I had my work to do—
But always there was a feeling—and sometimes I almost knew
That the time would come when Robert would need the woman, old and gray,
And plain, and poor, who had watched him that day as he went away.

And it came! One morning a neighbor walked up and took my hand,
And said, very sadly and gently: "There is news, I understand,
That Robert is deep in trouble. A man was murdered in bed,
And he and Robert had quarreled, and your boy had threatened, 'tis said,
And they tell me, up at the office, that Robert is now in jail,
And they've had an examining trial, and haven't granted him bail."

One day I stood at the door of his cell, but not for the opening door
Did he turn and raise his sad, bowed head, that was haughty and proud no more.
Then "Robbie!" I said, and he turned his head, and oh, sir, the day had come
When he needed his mother, old and poor, his mother that was best at home.
And oh, sir, he was not guilty! In my inmost soul I knew
That he would not lie, and the story he sadly told me was true.

Yet the crime was fixed on Robert. Oh, to know that he was clear,
And yet sit powerless, with not even the grace of a falling tear!

Oh, if I could but forget! But the awful, awful day
Is before me yet, when side by side, with faces pale and gray,
We waited to hear the verdict, and "Guilty!" the foreman said.
And Robert sank back trembling and could scarcely raise his head.
Then I rose up, strong hearted. "You shall not die," I cried;
And I felt so brave and fearless, and I looked so lion-eyed
That the crowd drew back and let me pass. And so I went my way,
And tramped and tramped across the State for many a weary day.
And one evening when the governor was sitting among his books,
I came and stood before him, and with wondering, startled looks—

"What do you want, good woman?" he asked, in his courteous tone.
"You see my time is precious, and I must be left alone."
"Oh, sir," I cried, "my son, my son! My little one, my own!
So young to die! and now he lies in a prison cell, alone!
My bright, brave boy! And still, and still, as the weary days go by,
He sees them pass, and knows what comes, for he is condemned to die!"

He turned away,—he would not hear. His face was stern and cold.
"Madam," he said (you see he knew that I was poor and old),
"My time is short. Such things as these are quite beyond my sphere.
The law has judged him guilty, and I can not interfere."

Just then the door was opened, and there entered his baby boy,

A sweet little toddling two-year old, his face alive with joy;
And as he sprang to his father's arms, my aching heart grew wild,
And I cried out, in my anguish: "Oh, there you have your child,
While mine, a baby yesterday, as dimpled and fair and brave,
In the strength of his bright young manhood goes down to a felon's grave.
If your boy stood where mine does, God grant that they might be
More merciful to you, to you, than you have been to me."

He looked at me, dumb and startled. The child's small dimpled hand
Strayed over his mouth, and he kissed it. And then he could understand
What it was to stand, with folded hands, stand still and powerless by,
And see one's child—one's only child—condemned to die!

Well, he gave me a folded paper, and I tramped back, day by day;
But my heart was light, and I went on, a-singing all the way.
And I reached the prison doorway, and it opened wide for me,
And he walked out beside me, and oh, my boy was free!

And then to think that the murderer, after all that weary time,
Came down to the verge of dreadful death, and confessed the ghastly crime;
And the governor sent me a letter, just brimming over with joy,
And thanked me over and over again, for saving the life of my boy.

FOREST KING'S RACE.

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE.

Arranged from "Under Two Flags."

[This scene represents a military steeple-chase. Thirty-six horses start. With two thirds of the course unrun, all are distanced but three: The game little mare Wild Geranium; Bay Regent, a favorite chestnut, carrying the best rider in the country; and Forest King, the hope of the Guards, and ridden by his owner, Bertie Cecil. The prize is the Gold Vase.]

TWO more fences came, laced high and stiff with the Shire thorn, and with scarce twenty feet between them. Forest King went in and out over both like a bird, and led for the first time; the chestnut was not to be beaten at fencing, and ran even with him; Wild Geranium flew still as fleet as a deer.

And now only, Cecil loosened the King to his full will and his full speed. Now only, the beautiful Arab head was stretched like a racer's in the run-in for the Derby, and the grand stride swept out till the hoofs seemed never to touch the dark earth they skimmed over.

The water gleamed before them, brown and swollen, and deepened with the meltings of winter snows a month before. They knew it well, that long dark line shimmering there in the sunlight, the test that all must pass who go in for the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon. Forest King scented the water, and went on with his ears pointed, and his grayhound stride lengthening, quickening, gathering up all its force and its impetus for the leap that was before—then like the rise and the swoop of a heron he spanned the water, and landing clear, launched forward with the lunge of a spear darted through air. Bay Regent was scarcely behind him. The Irish mare followed, and landed safely. But her hind legs

slipped on the bank, and the game little mare was left hopelessly behind.

Not knowing or looking or heeding what happened behind, the two favorites tore on over the meadow and ploughed land, neck and neck. The turning-flags were passed. From the crowds on the course a great hoarse roar came louder and louder, and the shouts rang, changing every second, "Forest King wins," "Bay Regent wins," "Scarlet and White's ahead," "Violet's up with him," "Violet's passed him," "Scarlet recovers," "Scarlet beats," "A cracker on the King," "Ten to one on the Regent," "Guards are over the fence first," "Guards are winning," "Guards are losing," "Guards are beat!"

Were they?

As the shout rose, Cecil's left stirrup-leather snapped and gave way. At the pace they were going most men would have been hurled out of their saddle by the shock. He scarcely swerved. A moment to ease the King and to recover his equilibrium, then he took the pace up again as though nothing had chanced. His comrades, when they saw this through their race-glasses, broke through their serenity and burst into a cheer that echoed over the grasslands and the coppices like a clarion, and thrilled on Bertie's ear where he came down the course a mile away. It made his heart beat quicker with a victorious headlong delight, as his knees pressed closer into Forest King's flanks, and, half stirrupless like the Arabs, he thundered forward to the greatest riding feat of his life. A minute of life like this was worth a year, and he knew that he would win or die for it, as the fence and hedge and double and water all went by him like a dream, whirling underneath him as the gray rose to leap after leap.

That instant's pause, when the stirrup broke, threatened to lose him the race. He was more than a length behind the Regent. It was more than the lead to keep now, there was ground to cover, and the King was losing.

Cecil set his teeth hard, and his hands clenched like steel on the bridle.

"Oh! my beauty, my beauty," he cried, half aloud as

they clear the thirty-sixth fence, "kill me if you like, but don't *fail* me!"

As though Forest King heard the prayer and answered it, the splendid form launched faster out, every fibre strained, every nerve struggled. With a magnificent bound like an antelope, the gray recovered the ground he had lost, and passed Bay Regent by a quarter-length. It was a neck-to-neck race once more, across the three meadows with the last and lower fences that were between them and the final leap of all—that ditch of artificial water with the towering double hedge of oak-rails that was reared black and grim and well-nigh hopeless just in front of the grand stand. A roar like the roar of the sea broke up from the thronged course. Ten thousand shouts rang, as thrice ten thousand eyes watched the closing contest—the gigantic chestnut side by side with the Arabian-like head of the Guards' horse.

Louder and wilder the shrieked tumult rose: "The Chestnut beats!" "The Gray beats!" "Scarlet's ahead!" "Bay Regent's caught him!" "The King's beating!" "The Guards will get it!" "Not yet, not yet!" "Violet will thrash him at the jump!" "Now for it!" "Scarlet will win!" "The King has the finish!" "No, no, no, *no!*"

Sent along at a pace never eclipsed, sweeping by the grand stand like the flash of electric flame, they ran side to side one moment more, their foam flung on each other's withers, their breath hot in each other's nostrils, while the dark earth flew beneath their stride. The blackthorn was in front, behind five bars of solid oak, the water yawning on its further side, with the same thorn wall beyond it. Cecil pressed his knees closer and closer, and worked the gallant hero for the test. The surging roar of the throng, though so close, was dull on his ear; he heard nothing, knew nothing, saw nothing, but that lean chestnut head beside him, the dull thud on the turf of the flying gallop, and the black wall that reared in his face. Forest King had done so much; could he have stay and strength for this?

Cecil's hands clenched unconsciously on the bridle, and his

face was very pale—pale with excitation—as his foot, where the stirrup was broken, crushed closer and harder against the gray's flanks.

"Oh, my darling, my beauty,—*now!*"

One touch of the spur—the first—and Forest King rose at the leap, all the life and power there were in him gathered for one superhuman and crowning effort. A flash of time not half a second in duration, and he was lifted in the air higher, and higher, and higher, in the cold, fresh, wild winter wind; stakes and rails, and thorn and water lay beneath him, black and gaunt and shapeless, yawning like a grave; one bound even in mid-air, one last convulsive impulse of the gathered limbs, and Forest King was over. And as he galloped up the straight run-in, he was alone. Bay Regent had refused the l ap.

As the gray swept to the judge's chair, the air was rent with deafening cheers that seemed to reel like drunken shouts from the multitude. "The Guards win, the Guards win;" and when his rider pulled up at the distance with the full sun shining on the scarlet and white, Forest King stood in all his glory, winner of the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon, by a feat without its parallel in all the annals of the Gold Vase.

THE BIBLE LEGEND OF THE WISSAHICKON.

Adapted by Cora Lee Ragsdale.

IT was here in the wilds of the Wissahickon, on the day of battle, as the noonday sun came shining through the thickly-clustered leaves, that two men engaged in mortal combat. They met near a great rock that rose like the huge wreck of some primeval world, at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahickon.

That man with the dark brow and the darker gray eyes, with his muscular form clad in the blue hunting frock of the Revolution, is a Continental named Warren. His brother

was murdered at the massacre of Paoli. That other man, with the long black hair drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the military costume of a Tory refugee. *That* is the murderer.

They had met in the woods by accident; now they fought, not with sword or with rifle, but with long, deadly hunting-knives, which flashed in the light as they go turning and twisting over the greensward. Now the Tory is down with the knee of the Continental upon his breast, that upraised knife quivering in the light, that dark gray eye flashing death into his face.

"Quarter! I yield!" gasped the Tory. "Spare me! I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot soldier, in a tone of deadly hate, "My brother cried for quarter on that night of the Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees, you struck the knife into his breast. Oh, I will give you the quarter of Paoli."

With his teeth clenched in hate, he raised his hand for the blow. He paused for a moment, then pinioned the Tory's arms, and with one rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the Tory, turning black and ashy by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife! a child! Spare me!"

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after that night of Paoli, that wife was a widow; those children, orphans! Would you not like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

This proposal, made in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in earnest by the horror-stricken Tory, who begged to be taken to the widow and her children, to have the privilege of begging his life. After a moment of serious thought, the patriot soldier consented. He bound the Tory's arms yet higher, then led him up the woods. A quiet cottage embosomed among the trees broke on their vision.

They entered the cottage. There beside the desolate hearthstone, sat the widow.

She was a matronly woman of about thirty years, with a face faded by care, deep dark eyes, and long disheveled hair about her shoulders. On one side sat a dark-haired boy; on the other, a little girl with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible, an old venerable volume, lay open on the mother's lap.

The pale-faced Tory flung himself on his knees, confessed that he had murdered her husband, but begged his life at her hands.

"Spare me for the sake of my wife, my child!"

He had expected that his pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart; but not a relenting gleam softened her pale face.

"The Lord judge between us," she said, in tones that froze the murderer's heart. "Look, the Bible lies open before me. I will close that volume; this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random on a line, and by that line you shall live or die."

For a moment, the Tory was wrapped in thought. Then in a faltering tone he signified his consent. Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed the great Father to direct the finger of her boy. She closed the book and handed it to her son. He took it, opened its pages at random and placed his finger upon a verse. Then there was silence. That Continental soldier who had sworn to avenge his brother's death stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips. The culprit felt his heart leap to his throat. Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament: "*That man shall die.*"

Look! the brother springs forward to plunge his knife into the murderer's heart. But the Tory begs that one more trial may be made, by the little girl—that child of innocence, with golden hair and laughing eyes. The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, not knowing what she does, the little girl opens the Bible and places her finger upon the page. The deep-drawn breath of the brother, the broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness. At last, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes on the page and read a line from the New Testament: "*Love your enemies.*"

O awful book of God! In those dread pages we see Job talking face to face with Jehovah; or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well, or wandering by the waves of the dark Galilee! O awful book, the light of the widow's home, the glory of the mechanic's shop; shining where the world comes not to look—on the last night of the convict in his cell, lighting the way to God, even over the dread gibbet. O book of terrible majesty and childlike love, of sublimity that crushes the soul into awe, of beauty that melts the heart with rapture! You never shone more strangely beautiful than there in that lonely cot of the Wissahickon where you saved the murderer's life. For—need I tell you?—the murderer's life was saved. That widow recognized the finger of God, and even the stern brother was awed into silence.

Now look ye, how wonderful are the ways of Heaven! That night, as the widow sat by her desolate hearthstone, thinking of her husband, there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and that husband, living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms. He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death. That night there was a prayer in the wood-embowered cot of the Wissahickon.

THROWN AWAY.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THERE was a boy once who had been brought up under the "sheltered life" theory, and the theory killed him dead. India is a place beyond all others where one must not take things too seriously,—the midday sun always excepted. But this boy—the tale is as old as the hills—came out, and took all things seriously. He was pretty and was petted. He took the pettings seriously, and fretted over women not worth saddling a pony to call upon. He found whist and gymkhanas and things of that kind good; but he took them seriously, too, just as seriously as he took the "head" that followed after drink. He lost his money over whist and gymkhanas

because they were new to him, and he took his losses seriously. No one told him better, because an average man takes it for granted that an average man can take care of himself. It was pitiful to watch the boy knocking himself to pieces, as an overhandled colt falls down and cuts himself when he gets away from the groom.

This unbridled license in amusements not worth the trouble of breaking line for endured for six months—all through one cold weather—and then we thought that the heat and the knowledge of having lost his money and health and lamed his horses would sober the Boy down, and he would stand steady. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this would have happened. You can see the principle working in any Indian station. But this particular case fell through because the Boy was sensitive and took things seriously. Of course, we couldn't tell how his excesses struck him personally. They were nothing very heart-breaking or above the average. But he must have taken another view altogether and have believed himself ruined beyond redemption. His colonel talked to him severely when the cold weather ended. That made him more wretched than ever; and it was only an ordinary "colonel's wigging!" He kept to himself for three days after that, and then put in for two days' leave to go shooting near a canal engineer's rest-house about thirty miles out. He got his leave, and that night at mess was noiser and more offensive than ever. He said that he was "going to shoot big game," and left at half-past ten o'clock in an *ekka*. Partridge—which was the only thing a man could get near the rest-house—is not big game; so everyone laughed.

Next morning one of the majors came in from short leave, and heard that the Boy had gone out to shoot "big game." The major put up his eyebrows when he heard of the expedition and went to the Boy's rooms, where he rummaged.

Presently he came out and found me leaving cards on the mess. There was no one else in the anteroom.

He said: "The Boy has gone out shooting. *Does* a man shoot *tetur* with a revolver and a writing-case!"

I said: "Nonsense, major!" for I saw what was in his mind.

He said: "Nonsense or no nonsense, I'm going to the canal now—at once. I don't feel easy."

Then he thought for a minute, and said: "Can you lie?"

"You know best," I answered. "It's my profession."

"Very well," said the major; "you must come out with me now—at once—in an *ekka* to the canal to shoot black-buck. Go and put on *shikar* kit—*quick*—and drive here with a gun."

The major was a masterful man; and I knew that he would not give orders for nothing. So I obeyed, and on return found the major packed up in an *ekka*—gun-cases and food slung below—all ready for a shooting-trip.

He dismissed the driver and drove himself. We jogged along quietly while in the station; but as soon as we got to the dusty road across the plains, he made the pony fly. We covered the thirty miles in under three hours, but the poor brute was nearly dead.

Once I said: "What's the blazing hurry, major?"

He said, quietly: "The Boy has been alone, by himself for—one, two, five—fourteen hours now! I tell you, I don't feel easy."

This uneasiness spread itself to me, and I helped to beat the pony.

When we came to the canal engineer's rest-house, the major called for the Boy's servant; but there was no answer. Then we went up to the house, calling for the Boy by name; but there was no answer.

"Oh, he's out shooting," said I.

Just then, I saw through one of the windows a little hurricane-lamp burning. This was at four in the afternoon. We both stopped dead in the verandah, holding our breath to catch every sound; and we heard, inside the room, the "*brr—brr—brr*" of a multitude of flies. The major said nothing, but he took off his helmet and we entered very softly.

The Boy was dead on the *charpoy* in the centre of the bare, lime-washed room. He had shot his head nearly to pieces

with his revolver. The gun-cases were still strapped, so was the bedding, and on the table lay the Boy's writing-case with photographs. He had gone away to die like a poisoned rat!

The major said to himself, softly: "Poor Boy! Poor, *poor* devil!" Then he turned away from the bed and said: "I want your help in this business."

Knowing the Boy was dead by his own hand, I saw exactly what that help would be, so I passed over to the table, and began to go through the writing-case; the major looking over my shoulder and repeating to himself: "We came too late! Like a rat in a hole! Poor, *poor* devil!"

The Boy must have spent half the night in writing to his people, to his colonel, and to a girl at home; and as soon as he had finished, must have shot himself, for he had been dead a long time when we came in.

I read all that he had written, and passed over each sheet to the major as I finished it.

We saw from his accounts how very seriously he had taken everything. He wrote about "disgrace which he was unable to bear," "indelible shame," "criminal folly," "wasted life," and so on. The letter to the girl at home was the most pitiful of all; and I choked as I read it. The major made no attempt to keep dry-eyed. We forgot all about the Boy's follies, and only thought of the poor thing on the *charpoy* and the scrawled sheets in our hands. It was utterly impossible to let the letters go home. They would have broken his father's heart and killed his mother, after killing her belief in her son.

At last the major dried his eyes openly, and said: "Nice sort of thing to spring on an English family! What shall we do?"

I said, knowing what the major had brought me out for: "The Boy died of cholera. We were with him at the time. Come along."

Then began the concoction of a big, written lie, bolstered with evidence, to soothe the Boy's people at home. I began the rough draft of the letter, the major throwing in hints here and there, while he gathered up all the stuff that the Boy

had written and burnt it in the fireplace. It was a hot, still evening when we began, and the lamp burned very badly. In due course I got the draft to my satisfaction, setting forth how the Boy was the pattern of all virtues, beloved by his regiment, with every promise of a great career before him, and so on; how we had helped him through the sickness—it was no time for little lies you will understand—and how he had died without pain. I choked while I was putting down these things and thinking of the poor people who would read them.

We sealed up the packet, photographs, locket, seals, ring and letter, with the Boy's sealing-wax and the Boy's seal.

Then the major said: "For God's sake let's get outside —away from the room—and think!"

We went outside, and walked on the banks of the canal for an hour, eating and drinking what we had with us, until the moon rose. I know now exactly how a murderer feels. I went off to a village and borrowed two big hoes,—I did not want the villagers to help—while the major arranged the other matters. It took us four hours' hard work to make the grave. As we worked, we argued out whether it was right to say as much as we remembered of the Burial of the Dead. We compromised things by saying the Lord's Prayer with a private, unofficial prayer for the peace of the soul of the Boy. Then we filled in the grave and went into the verandah—not the house—to lie down to sleep. We were dead-tired.

When we woke, the major said, wearily: "We can't go back till to-morrow. We must give him a decent time to die in. He died early *this* morning, remember. That seems more natural."

So the major must have been lying awake all the time, thinking.

I said: "Then why didn't we bring the body back to cantonments?"

The major thought for a minute: "Because the people bolted when they heard of the cholera—and the *ekka* has gone!"

And so we arranged it. The tale had credence as long as was necessary, for everyone forgot about the Boy before a fortnight was over. Many people, however, found time to say that the major had behaved scandalously in not bringing in the body for a regimental funeral. The saddest thing of all was the letter from the Boy's mother to the major and me—with big inky blisters all over the sheet. She wrote the sweetest possible things about our great kindness, and the obligation she would be under to us as long as she lived.

All things considered, she *was* under an obligation; but not exactly as she meant.

THE FELLOW IN GREASY JEANS.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

WHEW! How the drivers hammer!
We are late by an hour or more;
We sway and swerve on the ringing curve,
And the bridges reel and roar.

Look how the engine lurches,
And out of its window cranes,
With gray eyes wed to the track ahead,
A fellow in greasy jeans.

Scarcely looks like the fellow
To trust with so grave a care,
In that grimy face 'twere hard to trace
The mettle that should be there.

Faster we roar, and faster—
The hand at the throttle shows
Steady enough, if the face is rough—
And the landscape melts and flows.

Into the cut—and horror!
There death has the right of way!
The whistle wakes to a shriek for brakes;
And what does his swift brain say?

Jump for Moll and the babies,
And for dear life's love supreme!
Jump from the doom of a crunching tomb
And the hell of the howling steam!

Stay, for the hero's duty,
The trust of a hundred lives!
Stay, for the sake of the hearts would break
And for others' babes and wives!

He stays! with white teeth gritting
And with hands that snatch amain.
The monster reels on reversing wheels,
And the air-brake chokes the train.

We are safe with our scratches—
There's only the engine wrecked.
And the engineer? Oh, well, I fear
That's only what all expect.

And in the torn steel's chaos
I read what our life ordains,
And shivering, pause—for yon cinder was
The fellow in greasy jeans!

THE FACE OF A DEMON.

M. QUAD.

THERE were only sixty of us cavalry to guard a train of thirty wagons; the Indians could have borne us down by sheer weight of numbers, had they possessed the nerve to charge en masse. At two o'clock in the afternoon I counted at least 400 of the hostiles in sight—every one of them mounted on his war pony and armed with a good rifle, if not a Winchester.

We must give the Apaches a lesson in manners. We had been waiting until the train should reach a favorable location. The moment had come. The word was quietly passed down

the line, each man prepared himself, and at a note from the bugle a wonderful change took place.

"Right wheel—steady, now; forward, trot, gallop—charge!"

Ten to eighty! Eight to one! Every trooper in every squadron was cheering as he rode. His carbine was strapped to his back and his sabre was held aloft in his right hand.

"Rush 'em, boys. Drive right into 'em. Make a hole in the bunch!"

We struck them with an awful crash—ten of us in single rank, and as our sabres began to flash, the Indians thought only of getting out of reach. We had them flying in two minutes, and the order was, in case they took to flight, to keep together and run them for a couple of miles, using our carbines on their backs.

I had a light horse, not much larger than an Indian pony. He struck and knocked over two ponies, and as I cut a warrior down with my sabre, my horse pitched forward and flung me heavily to the ground. When I struggled to a sitting position, it was to find myself almost helpless. I was in a hollow, from which I could not see the wagons, but I could hear the fighting going on in all directions.

Directly in front of me and twenty feet away was a redskin, kicking and struggling. I had just got a rest on my left elbow when he raised himself. His right arm hung limp and his back was broken. He fell back as he tried to sit up, and rolling over half-way, his eyes looked squarely into mine.

Talk of the fury in the eyes of a tiger brought to bay—of a lion crippled and waiting to strike a dying blow! The face of that Indian was the face of a demon fresh from the confines of Hades. The hate in his eyes made the blood chill. The desire for vengeance burned out like a blaze on a hilltop at midnight.

I felt for my revolver with my left hand. It was in the holster of my saddle. Was he armed? Yes! I saw his left hand go down and seize the handle of his tomahawk, and as he raised it he tried to utter a shout of vengeance. He could not sit up, and his right arm was helpless; but shutting his

teeth tightly together to force back the pain, he waved the tomahawk three or four times to get an impetus and then flung it at me. It passed over me and sunk into the earth.

Had he any other weapon? He lay back, panting with pain and exhaustion after his throw, and again his eyes glared into mine, while the blood oozed from his wound and ran down his throat and neck.

Then he moved his arms again and brought up a knife—a long, thin knife, which the lightest blow would drive to a man's heart. It flashed and glistened in the sun, and my flesh crept as the red fiend, wounded unto death and almost helpless, reached out, laid the knife on the ground, and then sought to clutch the soil and drag his body toward me. An inch—two inches—three—five—ten—a foot! If he can have time, he will pull himself across that space to within striking distance and then drive that knife into me!

He reaches out again—he groans in pain—his fingers dig up the dirt—his eyes look blood-red as he calls up his thirst for vengeance to help his muscles perform their work another inch—six inches—another foot! I feel the ground around me again as far as I can. No weapon—nothing to stop his advance!

Once more he reaches out and deposits the knife—the black fingers sink into the soil and find a hold—the powerful muscles of a single arm pull his crippled body along inch by inch—inch by inch. There's a brighter blaze in his eyes, additional fury creeps into that steady glare. He has been wounded unto death, but if he can kill me, he will die without a regret—aye! with a shout of exultation on his lips.

Inch by inch—coming, coming—nearer, nearer! Two feet more and he can reach me and stab and thrust with that knife! But suddenly I hear the hoof-beats of galloping horses, and then a well-known voice calls out:

"Bless my heart, here's our sergeant! Down, boys, and look after him, and I'll just put an ounce ball into the heart of this red imp. One, two, three—gone to Injun heaven, to fool with no more wagon trains!"

GOD'S RAGAMUFFIN ARMY.

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

[From the *Christian Advocate.*]

BEN-HADAD, king of Syria, with all Damascus' hosts,
With footmen, horsemen, chariots, invaded Israel's coasts;
With two-and-thirty vassal kings, a long and proud array,
With pomp of arms, and gorgeous tents, and steeds, and banners gay.

And swift round doomed Samaria the vast incursion swept,
And every portal, tower, and gate was close besieged and kept;
And soon to trembling Ahab, the king of Israel's land,
Ben-hadad's haughty heralds brought the robber's fierce demand:

"Thy silver and thy gold are mine, thy wives and children fair,
And all the treasures of thy realm, whate'er is rich and rare;
To-morrow's sun shall see the sack of proud Samaria's domes,
Her towers and coffers stript and shamed, her temples and her homes."

Then spake Samaria's elders—then spake Samaria's king:
"Go, tell my lord Ben-hadad, I may not yield this thing;
And say: 'Let him just girding on his armor for the fray
Not boast like him who puts it off, victorious with the day.'"

Then, hot with wrath, Ben-hadad: "Ho! storm Samaria's towers!
Draw out Damascus' serried ranks, and all her subject powers!
On, with ballista, battering ram, and catapult, and crow!
Some rear the ladders, scale the walls! Some fire the gates below!

"Forward the whole line! Close up files! Nor hesitate, nor halt!
Archers and slingers clear the walls! Then swords to the assault!
Damascus, Syria, to the spoil! Yours yon defiant town
To sack and plunder, ravish, burn, before the sun goes down!"

Then came God's prophet, saying to Ahab, where he stood:
"Thus saith Jehovah, Hast thou seen this raging multitude?
Behold, before this sun shall set, I'll give them to thine hand,
That thou and Syria both may know Jehovah rules this land.

"Not by thy veteran warriors, thy knights, and captains brave,
The chiefs and princes of thy tribe, will I defend and save;
But by their squires and pages, cooks, footmen, hostlers, grooms,
With staves and goads and truncheons, spades, cleavers, pitchforks, brooms!

"And thou shalt head the column, and lead the motley host,—
Jehovah's satire on man's pride, his scoff at Syria's boast;
His keen rebuke to thee, and all who bow at Baal's shrine,
Nor know nor own the God of heaven, and He alone, divine."

Forth marched the humbled monarch, forth marched his mingled throng
Of serving-men and stable-boys to meet the foeman strong;
Unarmed, untrained, a handful, two hundred thirty-two,—
All Israel's jealous veterans with envious eyes to view!

No banners waved about them, no heraldries; no blare
Of trumpets echoed as they went, to din the noontide air;
Each with the garb and weapon that marked his daily toil,
But all with youth's devotion fired, the foes of God to foil.

Loud rose the sound of revel in mad Ben-hadad's tent,
Where king and chief war's solemn morn in drunken wassail spent.
"Lo! a strange squad from Shomeron's gate comes forth!" the watchman called.
"For peace or war take them alive!" the maudlin braggart bawled.

But lo! with sudden impulse those straggling columns form,
And charge Damascus' mail-clad guards resistless as the storm!
The breath of God is on them! His might in every blow!
With souls ablaze each onset lays a score of Syrians low!

In vain the call to rally, in vain the bugle's sound!
Surprise, amazement, and dismay the foes of God confound.
In vain the trumpets thunder! In vain the captains shout!
With staff and truncheon dealing death, and sword and spear in rout!

Then awe and fear and terror ran through the robber horde,
The cowardice of conscious guilt, the terror of the Lord!
A panic from Jehovah on prince, and king, and slave,—
As chaff before the tempest swept to slaughter and the grave!

And Israel's harnessed cohorts, their jealous anger fled,
Descend like whirlwinds on the foe, and pile the plain with dead;
Till footmen, horsemen, chariots, rolled in a sea of gore,
With heaps of spoil, strew Israel's soil to far-off Jordan's shore!

Damascus' dire invasion, at which the morn turned pale,
At eve is chased and scattered like leaves before the gale!
God's ragamuffin army that marched mid scoffs and jeers
Are hailed their country's saviors, with glory and with cheers.

ROSA DARTLE'S REVENGE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Arranged from "David Copperfield."

ROSA DARTLE. LITTLE EM'LY.

SCENE: LITTLE EM'LY, the dearly loved niece of Peggotty, the fisherman, has been enticed away from home by Steerforth, who ruins and deserts her. In her misfortune she is rescued by Martha, a poor girl whom she had befriended in happier days. Martha gives her a home in her own lodgings; and here ROSA DARTLE, a distant cousin of Steerforth, and a woman whose life has been warped by the wild passion that she has lavished upon him, seeks her out. The stage is set as a poorly furnished room, with an old table and a few chairs, and some common pictures of ships upon the walls. LITTLE EM'LY is discovered sitting upon a low stool or hassock near centre of stage, poorly dressed, her hair in disorder over her shoulders, and her head resting upon her hand.

LITTLE EM'LY. Oh, that I could only live my life again! Oh, Heaven, if I could only go back to a year ago—one little year—to when I was an innocent girl, in a happy home, and they all loved and trusted me. Oh, uncle, uncle, if you could have known what it cost me to go away! If even you, that I have wronged so much, that never can forgive me, could only know what I suffer now! I pray you will not know. Yes, even I, who can not pray for myself, pray for you, often, upon my knees—pray that you have forgotten your Little Em'ly, and the shame she brought upon you; or think of her only as if she had died when she was little, and was buried somewhere. Would that I was! would that I was! [*Buries her face in her hands.*]

[*Enter* ROSA DARTLE, *left; stands in doorway, and looks down at* EM'LY *triumphantly.* EM'LY *raises her head and sees her.*]

EM'LY [*rising affrightedly*]. You came to see Martha? She is not home——

ROSA [*interrupting her contemptuously*]. It matters little

to me her not being at home. I know nothing of her. It is you I come to see.

EM'LY [*shrinkingly*]. Me?

ROSA. Yes, I have come to look at you. What? You are not ashamed of the face that has done so much? [EM'LY *turns away from her;* ROSA *changes position so as to face her again.*] I have come to see James Steerforth's fancy; the girl who ran away with him, and is the town-talk of the commonest people of her native place; the bold, flaunting, practiced companion of people like James Steerforth. I want to know what such a thing is like. [EM'LY *gives a wild cry, and rushes to the door.* ROSA *interposes herself before it, and makes a gesture for her to pause.*] Stay there! Back there! or I'll proclaim you to the house and the whole street! If you try to evade *me*, I'll stop you, if it's by the hair, and raise the very stones against you! [EM'LY *covers her face with her hands, and moans.* ROSA *laughs contemptuously.*] So! I see her at last! Why, he was a poor creature to be taken by that delicate mock-modesty, and that hanging head!

EM'LY [*clasping her hands entreatingly*]. Oh, for Heaven's sake, spare me! Whoever you are, you know my pitiable story, and for Heaven's sake spare me, if you would be spared yourself!

ROSA [*fiercely*]. If *I* would be spared! What is there in common between *us*, do you think?

EM'LY [*bursting into tears*]. Nothing—nothing but our sex.

ROSA [*bitterly*]. And that is so strong a claim, preferred by one so infamous, that if I had any feeling in my breast but scorn and abhorrence of you, it would freeze it up. Our sex! You are an honor to our sex!

EM'LY [*crouching before her, and burying her face in her hands*]. I have deserved this, but it's dreadful! Dear, dear lady, think what I have suffered, and how I am fallen! Oh, Martha, come back! Oh, home, home!

ROSA [*seating herself and gazing down upon* EM'LY]. Listen to what I say, and reserve your false arts for your dupes! Do you hope to move *me* by your tears? No more than you

could charm me by your smiles, you purchased slave.

EM'LY. Oh, have some mercy on me! Show me some compassion, or I shall die mad!

ROSA [*laughing scornfully*]. It would be no great penance for your crimes. Do you know what you have done? Do you ever think of the home you have laid waste?

EM'LY [*falling upon her knees, and clasping her hands wildly*]. Oh, is there ever day or night when I don't think of it! Has there ever been a single moment, waking or sleeping, when it hasn't been before me, just as it used to be in the lost days when I turned my back upon it forever and forever! Oh, home, home! Oh, dear, dear uncle, if you ever could have known the agony your love would cause me when I fell away from good, you never would have shown it to me so constant, much as you felt it! I have none, none, no comfort upon earth, for all of them were always fond of me!

ROSA [*after a contemptuous pause*]. The miserable vanity of these earth-worms! *Your* home! Do you imagine that I bestow a thought upon it, or suppose you could do any harm to that low place, which money would not pay for, and handsomely? *Your* home! You were a part of the trade of your home, and were bought and sold like any other vendible thing your people dealt in.

EM'LY [*catching at her dress*]. Oh, not that! Say anything of me; but don't visit my disgrace and shame, more than I have done, on folks who are as honorable as you. Have some respect for them, if you have no mercy for me. They brought me up as virtuous as you or any lady, and I was going to be the wife of as good a man as you or any lady could ever marry—and then he came. You know, perhaps, what his power with a weak, vain girl might be. I don't defend myself, but I know well, and he knows well, or he will know when he comes to die, and his mind is troubled with it, that he used all his power to deceive me, and that I believed him and trusted him—and loved him!

ROSA [*springing to her feet, and striking at her with her clenched fist*]. *You* love him! *You?* And tell that to me

with your shameful lips? Why don't they whip these creatures? If I could order it to be done, I would have this girl whipped to death. [EM'LY *cowers before her.* ROSA *regards her steadily for a moment, then points at her and breaks into a bitter laugh.*] I came here to see what such a thing as you was like. I am satisfied. Now I have something to say. Attend to it; for what I say I'll do.

EM'LY. Have mercy! Have mercy!

ROSA [*not heeding her*]. I am of a strange nature, perhaps, but I can't breathe freely in the air you breathe. Therefore, I will have it purified of you. If you live here to-morrow, I'll have your story and your character proclaimed upon the common stair. There are decent women in the house, and it is a pity such a light as you should be among them, and concealed. If, leaving here, you seek any refuge in this town in any character but your true one, the same service shall be done you, if I hear of your retreat.

EM'LY [*wringing her hands*]. Oh, me! oh, me! What shall I do? What shall I do?

ROSA. Do? Live happy in your own reflections, or—die! There are doorways and dustheaps for such deaths and such despair—find one, and take your flight to heaven. [EM'LY *crouches upon the floor, moaning, her face in her hands.* ROSA *looks at her a moment, smiling; then goes to entrance, left, and turning about in the doorway, raises her hand toward heaven.*] Mark me, now! I am resolved, for reasons that I have and hatreds that I entertain, to cast you out, unless you withdraw from my reach altogether, or drop your pretty mask. This is what I had to say, and what I say, I mean to do! [*Stands, one hand upraised as if taking an oath.* EM'LY *crouches before her.*]

CARE keeps his watch in every old man's eye;
And where care lodges sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth, with unstuffed brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
—*Shakespeare.*

IN STURMES NOT.

FRIDA SCHANZ.

"ERWACHT! Ein Schiff ist in Sturmes Not!"
In eiskaltem düsterem Morgenrot
Rief es dumpfdonnernder Schüsse Wucht
Dem Fischerdorf zu in der Nordseebucht.

Da standen, die eben noch tief geruht,
Schon am schaurigen Strand, vom Nordost umpfiffen,
Schon in thätiger Hast, schon in schweigendem Mut.
Ein Schoner sass fest auf den sandigen Riffen.—
Schnell musste die rettende Hilfe nahn,
Eh die tobenden Wellen ihr Opfer fassten.

Die Mannschaft hing hoch in den schwankenden Masten,
In den frostglatten Tauen, den starren Raa'n.

Da war kein Besinnen, kein Halt, da war
Ein einziges Kommando: Rettungsboot klar!
Und das Boot lag im Nu auf den nachtschwarzen Wellen.
Weh! Harro, der Führer, war nicht am Ort!
Doch was half's?—

Acht andere harte Gesellen
Sassen im Fahrzeug und schifften fort.
Sie kämpften sich durch, vom Tode umdroht,
Und brachten die Matten, die Schreckensbleichen
Im schwachen, überladenen Boot
Vom Wrack zum Strande, zum menschenreichen.

Da grüsste sie Jubel und Friede tief.—
Auch Harro war da.—Und Harro rief:
"Sind's alle?"—

Dumpf wie das Bedauern spricht,
Kam die Antwort: "Alle!—Nur *einer* nicht!"
Der eine, ihn trug das Bootnicht mehr,—

Und der Sturm riss so wild an den knarrenden Leinen,
Und er hing in den Tauen, so steif, so schwer—
Ruhig sprach Harro: "Ich hole den einen!
Geht ihr mit?"

Ihr Zögern sprach frostig: "Nein!"
Er sprang ins Boot: "So fahr ich allein!"
Kräftig nimmt er die Ruder zur Hand.
Da taucht sein Mütterchen auf am Strand
Und fleht ihn, wie's nur eine Mutter kann:
"Geh nicht! Vergiss ihn, den fremden Mann!
Deinen Vater haben die Wellen verschlungen,
Und denk deines Bruders, denk Uwes, des jungen,
Der nun seit Jahren schon draussen blieb!
Geh nicht! Bleib da! Deiner Mutter zu lieb!"

Harro sprach freundlich: "*Du* denke dran,
Dass den, den der Tod dort umfasst, der kalte,
Auch eine Mutter beweinen kann!
Ich fahre, Mutter!"

Da schwieg die Alte.—
Vier Fischer sprangen zu ihm ins Boot.

Und vorwärts ging's in des Sturmes Not,
In heissem Kampf mit des Wetters Wut.

Das Wrack lag schon tief in der dunklen Flut;
Die Wogen umspritzten es, wild und keck.
Und Harro erklettert das sinkende Deck—
Und schwingt sich hinauf in die steifen Wanten
Und holt den Starren, den Frostgebannten,
Und bettet ihn still in den schwanken Kahn.—

Und als die Treuen dem Ufer nahn,
Entronnen der Not und dem Sturmesgrimme,
Hebt Harro fröhlich die kräftige Stimme
Und ruft durch die donnernde Brandung hell:
"Es ist Uwe! Sagt es der Mutter schnell!"

THE RIDE OF DEATH.

EUGENE J. HALL.

THE daughter of a Saxon king,
To womanhood superbly grown,
Fair as a flower in early spring,
The heiress to a royal throne,—
To her fine court a stranger came,
A Roman prince in poet's guise,
A tall and handsome youth. His name
Was Adrian. With sweet surprise
Elizabeth beheld his face
When at her pretty feet he knelt.
She gazed into his brilliant eyes,—
A thrill through all her frame she felt.
Time passed. Their fancies, hopes and dreams
Revealed in silent prayer to God,
Together ran like mountain-streams
That form a river deep and broad.
When hunting in the forest wild,
The lovers oft rode side by side.
He knew she loved him when she smiled
And in a look his soul replied.
One day the king beheld them there.
He paused, bewildered by surprise.
Awhile he gazed upon the pair
With anger in his royal eyes.
About the swarthy Roman's neck
He saw his daughter closely cling.
"Accurst be he," he cried, "who stains
The glory of a Saxon king!"
From off his restless horse he sprang,
His bright sword from its sheath he drew
To plunge it in the poet's heart.
Before the steel the maiden threw
Her own fair form. "Strike here," she cried—

Her azure eyes with tears were dim.
"O harm him not, or by my pride,
I swear 'fore Heaven to die with him."
King Alfric on the Roman cast
A look of hatred and despair;
Then turning, blew a bugle-blast
That brought his huntsmen quickly there.
"Seize on yon traitor," loud he cried;
"His form shall on a gibbet swing,
No Roman shall pollute the pride
Or honor of a Saxon king."
But swifter than a tiger's bound
The Roman sprang upon his steed,
He caught the princess from the ground,
He turned, he fled with wondrous speed.
The huntsmen stood in dumb surprise,
Astounded at his sudden flight;
The lovers faded from their eyes
Ere they recovered from their fright.
"To horse!" the monarch hoarsely cried,
"To horse, my men, away, away,
Let loose the bloodhounds on their track,
'Tis human game we hunt to-day."
Along through woodland, glen and glade,
They spurred their steeds at furious pace.
The bloodhounds loudly howled and bayed,
The king rode madly in the race,
Away! away! the lovers fled,
Some hidden forest vale to seek.
The rude boughs brushed the Roman's head;
The blood ran down his swarthy cheek;
While nearer, nearer, nearer still
He heard the fast approaching sounds
Of clattering hoofs, and loud and shrill
The cries of maddened men and hounds.
Swift through the air an arrow flew,—
The warm blood from the maiden's side
Dripped down upon the foam-flecked steed.

She tried to speak—she gasped—she died.
Then with a groan of deep dismay,
The Roman spurred his steed ahead,
And like a whirlwind, on their way
They rode,—the living and the dead.
On, on, where horse had never trod
The Roman rode with look of woe;
O'er rugged crags upheld by God,
Where his pursuers dared not go.
Along wild chasms his charger leapt
That foes beheld with bated breath;
Still forward on his way he swept
In his fantastic ride of death.
He came to where the river Rhine
Rolled on its grand, eternal way;
He saw the clouds in splendor shine,
As slowly sank the orb of day;
He drove his spurs into his steed,
The jaded beast reeled to and fro,
Then forward plunged adown the cliff
A thousand awful feet below.

No worldly pride, no forms, no place,
Can sunder souls in heaven above,
Who meet each other face to face
In one eternal day of love.

"THE BIRKENHEAD."

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

[By permission of the author.]

IT was forty years ago, in the merry month of May,
That the good ship *Birkenhead* off the coast of Afric lay,
Filled with soldiers just embarked for a distant port, they say,
And with all her canvas spread swept she from the sheltering bay.

Close to shore she softly sailed, in the soft and spicy breeze,
And a thousand soldiers paced her broad decks in idle ease.
Sport of fortune every one, common soldiers, rough and rude,
Their religion to obey, their one virtue fortitude.

Lounging, aimless, stood they there on the day of which we tell;
When the ship by hidden rock was pierced through, and woe befel.
Ran the sailors here and there, struggling with the deadly leak;
Swift the captain's orders came, but the strength of man was weak.

And the ocean with a flood hurried in on every side,
And the weight of mighty waves pressing down, all skill defied.
When they saw that hope was gone, and the ship was but a wreck,
Then the colonel formed his men in a line upon the deck.

And he spoke as soldier should in a crisis sharp as death,
With deep silence in the ranks, for each soldier held his breath:
"Men, the ship is breaking up,—boats can reach the nearest banks.
Sailors, put the women in, let no soldier leave the ranks."

And the soldiers, with one voice, sent a shout into the sky;
Never yet commander heard such a cheerful, proud reply.
And through all the heavy strain of the hour so fierce, so fine,
When they waited there for death, *not a soldier left the line.*

Calmly in the ranks they stood, with the colonel at their head;
And when all the ship was cleared, this is what the colonel said:

"In a minute we go down,—do not break the ranks," he said.
They went down, a thousand strong, with the colonel at their head.

Not with panic and with rout went they to their bitter doom,
But they gave one mighty cheer as they sank into their tomb.
And the story still is told, and it shall be told for ay,
How a soldier can obey, how a man can rule and die.

AS THE PIGEON FLIES.

C. B. LEWIS.

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z! A monster of iron, steel and brass standing on the slim iron rails which shoot away from the station for half a mile and then lose themselves in a green forest. Puff-puff! The driving-wheels slowly turn, the monster breathes great clouds of steam and seems anxious for the race.

A grizzly-haired engineer looks down from the cab window, while his fireman pulls back the iron door and heaves in more wood,—more breath and muscle for the grim giant of the track.

The fire roars and crackles, the steam hisses and growls; every breath is drawn as fiercely as if the giant was burning to revenge an insult.

Up—up—up! The pointer on the steam-guage moves faster than the minute-hand on a clock. The breathing becomes louder—the hiss rises to a scream—the iron rails tremble and quiver. It is going to be a race against time and the telegraph.

S-s-s-sh!

The engineer rose up, looked ahead, glanced at the dial, and as his fingers clasped the throttle, he asked the station-agent.

"Are you sure that the track is clear?"

"All clear," was the answer.

The throttle feels the pull, the giant utters a fierce scream,

and we are off, I on the fireman's seat, the fireman on the wood. The rails slide under us slowly—faster, and the giant screams again and dashes into the forest.

This isn't fast. The telegraph-poles dance past as if not over thirty feet apart, and the board fence seems to rise from the ground, but it's only thirty-five miles an hour.

"Wood!"

The engineer takes his eyes off the track and turns just long enough to speak the word to his fireman. The iron door swings back, and there is an awful rush and roar of flame. The fire-box appears full, but stick after stick is dropped into the roaring pit until a quarter of a cord has disappeared.

"This is forty miles an hour!" shouts the fireman in my ear, as he rubs the moisture from his heated face.

Yes, this is faster. The fence posts seem to leap from the ground as we dash along, and the telegraph-poles bend and nod to us. A house—a field—a farm—we get but one glance. A dozen houses—a hundred faces—that was a station. We heard a yell from the crowd, but it had scarcely reached us before it was drowned in the great roar.

Nine miles in fourteen minutes,—we've lost time! The engineer takes his eyes from the rail, makes a motion to his fireman, and the sticks drop into the roaring flames again, to make new flames.

Seven miles of clear track now, and the engineer smiles a grim smile, as he lets more steam into the giant's lungs.

Ah! not a mile a minute yet, but how we shake from side to side, how the tender leaps and bounds! Is there a fence skirting the track? There is a dark line keeping pace with us,—it may be a fence. Where are the telegraph-poles? Were all those trees falling toward the track as we dashed through the bit of forest?

A yell—houses—faces—that was another station. Word has gone down the line that a "wild" locomotive is rushing a journalist across the country to catch the lightning express on another road, and the people gather to see us dash past. Seven miles in eight and a half minutes,—that's better, but we must run faster!

The finger on the dial creeps slowly up— we want a reserve of steam for the last twelve of road,—the best track of all.

The noise is deafening, the swaying and bumping is terrible. I hang fast to the seat—clutch, cling, and yet it seems as if I must be shaken to the floor.

Every moment there is a scream from the whistle; every two or three minutes the engineer makes a gesture that calls for the iron door to be opened and the roaring, leaping flames to be fed anew.

Like a bird, like an arrow, like a bullet almost, we speed forward. Half-a-dozen men beside the track,—section men with their hand-car. They lift their hats and yell, but their voices do not reach us. We pass them as lightning flashes through the heavens. That was a farmhouse. We saw nothing but a white object—a green spot—two or three apple-trees where there was a large orchard.

Scream! Hiss! Roar! Shake! Quiver! Bound!

We are going to stop,—going to halt for an instant at a station to see if the track is clear for the rush, for a mile a minute, and faster!

Scream! Scream!

The station is a mile ahead—it is beside us! The fireman leaps down with his oil-can, the engineer enters the telegraph office. Both are back in fifteen seconds.

Twelve and a half miles to go, twelve minutes in which to make it.

"We can do it!" said the engineer. "Hold fast now! We have been running—we are going to fly!"

Scream!

"Good-bye!"

As a mad horse runs, as an arrow is sent, as a carrier-pigeon flies! Yes, this is a mile a minute! Fences? No—only a black line, hardly larger than my pencil! Trees? No—only one tree, all merged into one single tree, which was out of sight in a flash. Fields? Yes, one broad field, broken for an instant by a highway,—a gray thread lying on the ground!

It is terrible! If we should leave the rails! If—but don't think of it! Hold fast!

Eight miles in eight minutes, not a second more or less! The lightning travels faster—so does a locomotive! Four and a half miles to go, four minutes to make it! We must run a mile every fifty-three seconds.

Scream! Sway! Tremble!

We are making time, but it's awful, this roar, this oscillation!

One mile! Two miles!

I dare not open my eyes! I would not look ahead on the track for all the gold ever mined!

Three miles!

Can I ever hear again? Will I ever get this deafening roar out of my ears? Will the seconds ever go by?

Scream!

The engineer shuts off steam, the fireman hurrahs. I open my eyes—we are at the station! The lightning express is not two seconds away!

"I told you!" says the engineer, "and didn't I do it?"

He did, but he carried three lives in the palm of the hand that grasped the throttle.

THE TRIAL OF REBECCA.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Rebecca, a Jewish maiden, has incurred the animosity of Brian de Bois-Guilbert by her rejection of his advances. In revenge he accuses her of sorcery; and following the ancient custom that a maiden so accused shall be adjudged guilty unless a champion can vindicate her innocence by force of arms, all preparations have been made for her death at the stake. Even should a champion appear upon the final day, there is little doubt of the ultimate result, for Brian de Bois-Guilbert is a valiant foeman, acknowledging no rival save one who, wounded and in hiding, he judges will trouble him no more—the knight Wilfred of Ivanhoe.]

THE unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally,

doubtless, for her lips moved, though no speech was heard. In a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile, as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the grand master had assumed his seat; and a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the court was seated for judgment. Malvoisin, the preceptor, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess at the feet of the grand master.

"Valorous lord and reverend father," said he, "here standeth the good knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, a knight who hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom condemning her to die as a sorceress."

"Hath he made oath," said the grand master, "that his quarrel is just and honorable? Bring forward the crucifix."

"Sir and most reverend father," answered Malvoisin, readily, "our brother hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation in the hand of the good knight Conrade de Mont-Fitchet; otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take no oath."

This explanation was satisfactory, to Malvoisin's great joy; for the wily knight had foreseen the great difficulty of prevailing upon Brian de Bois-Guilbert to take such an oath before the assembly, and had invented this excuse to escape the necessity of his doing so.

The trumpets then flourished again, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud: "*Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!* Here standeth the good knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood, who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess, Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful essoine of her own body; and to such champion, the reverend and valorous grand master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat."

The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the grand master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects anyone to do battle for her in this her cause."

The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and Bois-Guilbert, suddenly turning his horse's head toward that end of the lists, was by the side of Rebecca's chair as soon as the herald.

Meantime, the herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms: "Damsel, the honorable and reverend grand master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the grand master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence. Say to him that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!"

The herald retired to carry this answer to the grand master.

"God forbid," said the grand master, "that Jew or pagan should impeach us of injustice! Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear."

The herald communicated these words to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up toward heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the whispered voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear.

"Rebecca," said the templar, "dost thou hear me?"

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Ay, but dost thou understand my words?" said the templar; "for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. This listed space—that chair—these fagots—I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something unreal."

"My mind and senses keep touch and time," answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these fagots are destined to

consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world."

"Dreams, Rebecca, dreams," answered the templar; "idle visions. Hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed—on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. Mount, I say, behind me and in one short hour is pursuit and inquiry far behind—a new world of pleasure opens to thee, to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list. I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my scutcheon."

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone! Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's breadth from my resting-place—surrounded as I am by foes. I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy!—avoid thee, in the name of God!"

The judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing toward the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed: "A champion! A champion!" Despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tilt-yard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse appeared to reel from fatigue, and the, rider however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly:

"I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God.

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"I will not fight with thee at present," said the templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado."

"Ha! proud templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre; remember the passage of arms at Ashby; remember the gage of your gold chain against my relinquary. By that relinquary and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, templar, a coward, in every court in Europe unless thou do battle without further delay. Does the grand master allow me the combat?"

"I may not deny what thou has challenged," said the grand master, "provided the maiden accept thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honorably met with."

"Thus,—thus I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God. To His keeping, I commend myself. Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said, "I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce. "Yet, no—no! Thy wounds are uncured! Why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had continued, during the whole morning, of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, proclaiming that none, on peril of instant death,

should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The grand master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal-word, "Laissez aller."

The trumpet sounded and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but—in comparison—touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

"Slay him not, sir knight," cried the grand master, "unshriven and unabsolved! Kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed; the dark red flush still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened; but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died,—a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

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In whom we see, divinely blent,
Beauty and grace to ravishment,
That holds the soul as in a spell.

She had such dainty ways, and when—
Hearts trumps? I pass—and when her eyes
Met yours, you felt no longer wise,
But stupid and ashamed and mean,
So spiritual and serene,
So full of gentle dignity
And lily loveliness, was she
In her pure life's sufficiencies.

I mind me how, one autumn day,
Just when the leaves were turning red,
I met her near the bridge where drones
The brook along its path of stones;
And shadows in the willows high
Slide through the leafy canopy,
And o'er the sylvan way are shed.

She bore a pitcher, old and quaint,
And, dimpling to the colored rim,
The water sparkled in the sun;
When, passing in her girlish fun,
She laughed a happy laugh and free,
And bade me drink to Memory,
Her eyes with mockery abrim.

"I drained," you say, "the Circe's cup?"
Not I; nor do I care to hear
The taunting jest while— How this smoke
Weakens the sight and makes one choke
And sicken— Air! Ah! that will do;
I'm better. Oft upon my view
Rises that scene in outline clear.

And while the willows with their prone,
Thick branches sing a low refrain,

I see a Rachel, young and sweet,
Spilling a nectar at my feet,—
A holy water which, to-day,
Could wash my darkest sin away,
Were I to feel its touch again.

She tossed her curls, and with a nod
Tripped lightly past the shallow pool;
And I—I went my course; you know
'Twas nearly thirty years ago—
I've lost a point—and now she lies
Beside her child, where foreign skies—
"I loved her!" I? Don't be a fool.

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

EXCUSE a blind old soldier if too eager in his quest
To feel the copper button on the lapel of your breast;
I've been so blind I haven't seen a comrade since the war,
But know the grip of fellowship found in the G. A. R.
I know you are a hero, though you tell me not your name,
So I shall call you comrade, for the meaning's just the same.
I've come to see the general—he's here, I understand;
Now, comrade, lead me to him, for I'd like to shake his hand.
I know it is an honor,
But you'll tell him this for me,
That I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

'Twas the march of all the ages—Shenandoah to the sea,
Then back again to Richmond, one long march of victory!
Three thousand miles of marching, with a hundred thousand men,
And a thousand banners flying—there was plenty fighting then;

For 'tis something more than marching, with the elements at play
And the swarthy storm king flinging his battalions in the way;
It is something more than marching, where every step you go
You are forced to fight with nature and a still more stubborn foe.
I could tell you all about it
If you'd listen unto me,
For I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

I could tell you all about it, and the reason why 'twas done;
For ofttimes the greatest battle is with smallest carnage won!
Those great chieftains—Grant and Sherman, peerless military twain—
Planned to settle the rebellion in a double-fold campaign;
While Grant held Lee at Richmond, Sherman, marching through the South,
Cut off hope and all resources save what's in the cannon's mouth;
When your enemy is helpless it is just the same, you know,
As when you've thrust a rapier through the vitals of a foe.
Yes, I'm a blind old veteran,
But proud as I can be
That I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

Lee well knew those marching thousands meant his final overthrow;
And to yield far greater courage than cause useless blood to flow.
Had those concentrated armies—veteran blue and veteran gray—
Sought to settle the rebellion in one final, fatal fray,
Fate's red history of battle would have held another page

With recital of a carnage never known in any age;
And the sunset of rebellion would have made the earth more red

With the blood of many thousands, than the sunset overhead.
When I am dead, my comrade,
'Tis enough to say of me,
That I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

Some gained their fame at Gettysburg, when fame was nearly lost!
At Fredericksburg, Antietam, too, 'twas learned what fame may cost!
One climbed to fame on Lookout, fighting far above the clouds!
At New Orleans one sailed to fame, lashed to the flagship shrouds!
One rode to fame at Winchester! At Appomattox town,
Upon a modest soldier glory laid a modest crown!
And howe'er so many battles owe success to Sherman's name,
As the mighty man of marches he'll be always known to fame.
What! You were down through Georgia?
Then you must have marched with me
When I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

Let's give three cheers for Sherman: Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Why are you silent, comrade! Is there something in your craw?
What! profess to be a comrade, and yet refuse to cheer
The grandest of all generals? What motive brings you here?
Why come to these reunions if you haven't any soul?
There's a home for crippled soldiers, who are neither sound nor whole;
Why you're more deserving pity, sir, and pension, too, I swan,
Than these poor shattered veterans with arms and legs all gone!

If you won't cheer Uncle Billy—
Well, you can't shake hands with me;
For I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

Why, there's not another being in this nation, I dare say,
Not even yon Confederate—brave enemy in gray—
On such a grand occasion would refuse to cheer, when bid,
The man who saved the Union, or led the men who did.
Uncle Billy loved the soldier, for he had a heart within;
I heard him, down in Georgia, shout above the battle din,
We were rather busy fighting, but this sentence I recall:
"You brave boys who do the fighting, you're the heroes after all!"
What! You are General Sherman?
Then you'll have to cheer for me!
For I marched down behind you
From Atlanta to the sea.

THE WOMAN'S HALF-PROFITS.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

[From "Prose Francies," by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.]

HYACINTH RONDEL, the very latest new poet, sat one evening not long ago in his elegant new chambers, which were provided with all those distinguished comforts and elegancies proper to a success that may at any moment be interviewed. Needless to say, the walls had been decorated by Mr. Whistler, and there was not a piece of furniture in the room that had not belonged to this or that poet deceased. Priceless autograph portraits of all the leading actors and actresses littered the mantel-shelf with a reckless prodigality; the two or three choice etchings were, of course, no less conspicuously inscribed to their illustrious confrère by the artists. There was hardly a volume in the elegant Chippendale bookcases not similarly inscribed. To the eye of the imagination,

therefore, there was not an article in the room which did not carry a little trumpet to the distinguished poet's honor and glory.

In the midst of this silent yet so eloquent orchestra, which from morn to night was continually crying, "Glory, glory, glory," in the ear of the self-enamoured poet, Hyacinth Rondel was sitting one evening. He had drained all the honey from the last newspaper paragraph, and with rustling, shining head, he turned a sweeping, triumphant gaze around his room. But, to his surprise, he found himself no longer alone. Was it the muse in dainty modern costume and delicately tinted cheek? Yes! it was one of those discarded Muses who sometimes remain upon the poet's hands as Fates.

When she raised her veil, she certainly looked more of a Fate than a Muse. Her expression was not agreeable. The poet, afterward describing the incident and remembering his Dante, spoke of her in an allegorical sonnet as "lady of terrible aspect," and symbolized her as Nemesis.

He now addressed her as "Annette," and in his voice were four notes of exclamation. She came closer to him, and very quietly, but with an accent that was the very quintessence of Ibsenism, made the somewhat mercantile statement: "I have come for my half-profits!"

"Half-profits! What do you mean? Are you mad?"

"Not in the least! I want my share in the profits of all this pretty poetry," and she contemptuously ran her fingers over the several slim volumes on the poet's shelves, which represented his own contribution to English literature.

Rondel began to comprehend, but he was as yet too surprised to answer.

"Don't you understand?" she went on. "It takes two to make poetry like yours—

> 'They steal their song, the lips that sing,
> From lips that only kiss and cling.'

Do you remember? Have I quoted correctly? Yes, here it is!" taking down the passionate confession which had first brought the poet his fame.

As a matter of fact, several ladies had "stood" for this series, but the poet had artfully generalized them into one supreme Madonna, whom Annette believed to be herself. Indeed, she had furnished the warmest and the most tragic coloring. Rondel had for some time kept his address a secret from Annette. But the candle set upon a hill can not be hid; fame has its disadvantages. The papers could not be decorated with reviews of his verse and Annette not come across some of them. Indeed, she had, with burning cheek and stormy bosom, recognized herself in many an intimate confession. It was her hair, her face, all her beauty, he sang, though the poems were dedicated to another.

She turned to another passage as she stood there.

"How pretty it sounds *in poetry!*" she said, and began to read:

"'There in the odorous meadowsweet afternoon,
With the lark like the dream of a song in the dreamy blue,
All the air abeat with the wing and buzz of June,
We met—she and I, I and she. (You and I, I and you.)
And there, while the wild rose and woodbine deliciousness blended,
We kissed and we kissed and we kissed, till the afternoon ended.'"

Here Rondel at last interrupted.

"Woman!" he said, "are your cheeks so painted that you have lost all sense of shame?"

But she had her answer:

"Man! are you so great that you have lost the sense of pity? and which is the greater shame: To publish your follies in large paper and take royalties for them, or to speak of them, just you and I together, you and I, as 'there in the odorous meadowsweet afternoon?' Look you," she continued, "an artist pays his model at least a shilling an hour, and it is only her body he paints; but you use body and soul, and offer her nothing. Your blues and reds are the colors you have stolen from her eyes and her heart—stolen, I say; for the painter pays so much a tube for his colors, so much an hour for his model, but you—"

"I give you immortality. Poor fly, I give you amber," modestly suggested the poet.

But Annette repeated the word "immortality," with a scorn that almost shook the poet's conceit, and thereupon produced an account, which ran as follows:

"Mr. Hyacinth Rondel
Dr. to Miss Annette Jones,
For moiety of the following royalties:

Moonshine and Meadowsweet.....	500 copies.
Coral and Bells.....	750 "
Liber Amoris, three editions.....3,000	"
Forbidden Fruit, five editions.....5,000	"
9,250 copies at 1s.	
£462, 10s.	

Moiety of same due to Miss Jones, £231, 5s."

"I don't mind receipting it for two hundred and thirty," she said, as she handed it to him.

Hyacinth was completely awakened by this. The joke was growing serious. So he at once roused up the bully in him, and ordered her out of his rooms. But she smiled at his threats, and still held out her account. At last he tried coaxing. He assured her that she had vastly overrated his profits, that fame meant far more cry than wool; that, in short, he was up to the neck in difficulties as it was, and really had nothing like that sum in his possession.

"Very well, then," she replied, at last, "you must marry me instead. Either the money or the marriage. Personally, I prefer the money—and if you think you can escape me and do neither, look at this!" and she drew a revolver from her pocket.

"They are all loaded," she added. "Now, which is it to be?"

Rondel made a movement as if to snatch the weapon from her, but she sprang back and pointed it at his head.

"If you move, I fire."

Now, one would not need to be a minor poet to be a coward under such circumstances. Rondel could see clearly that

Annette meant what she said. Like most poets, he was a prudent man—he hesitated, leaning with a closed fist upon the table. She stood firm.

"Come," she said, at length, "which is it to be—the revolver, marriage, or the money?" She ominously clicked the trigger. "I give you five minutes."

It was five minutes to eleven. The clock ticked on while the two still stood in their absurdly tragic attitudes—he still hesitating, she with her pistol in line with the brain that laid the golden verse. Hyacinth looked up, he saw she meant it, all the more for the mocking indifference of her expression.

"Once more—death, marriage, or the money?"

The clock struck.

"The money!" gasped the poet.

But Annette still kept her weapon in line.

"Your check-book!" she said.

Rondel obeyed.

"Pay Miss Annette Jones, or order, the sum of two hundred and thirty pounds. No, don't cross it!"

Rondel obeyed.

"Now, toss it over to me. You observe I still hold the pistol."

Rondel once more obeyed. Then still keeping him under cover of the ugly-looking tube, she backed toward the door.

"Good-bye," she said. "Be sure I shall look out for your next volume."

JUST COMMONPLACE.

PAULINE PHELPS.

[Written for and recited by Miss Marion Short.]

THEY marched away from Scranton in a company one hundred strong; ninety-nine of whom confidently expected to distinguish themselves, and the one hundredth, a man with no hope of ever rising above the hopelessly mediocre.

"There's some born to be one kind of thing and some another," Jim used to say, "and I reckon I was born to be just commonplace."

His commonplaceness was made more pitiably apparent by his friendship for Harry Sheldon, the brightest and best-liked young fellow in the town; for Jim followed Harry in everything, content to do ill all that Harry did well. When Harry went to the academy, Jim went, too; nor was his enthusiasm over Harry's obtaining the valedictory dampened by the fact that he himself failed to pass the final examinations. When Harry, inspired by an ambition to lead the drum corps, began to practice on the fife, Jim practiced, too; but while Harry excited the young folks of the neighborhood to wild enthusiasm by his performance of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and kindred airs, Jim never got beyond the first-named tune and he played even that with half the notes wrong.

When the call for more troops was heard throughout the land, and Captain Harry, proud of his militia commission, formed a company of his own, Jim enlisted under him, with a prophecy of Harry's glory and future promotion; and the handsome officer and the commonplace private marched away together. At the close of the first six months Jim was still a commonplace private, but Harry had gained a reputation throughout the whole regiment. It was the one subject upon which Jim became eloquent.

"We pitched camp alongside the 16th Volunteers and the 18th Infantry," he would say. "Old stayers, both of them; been listed since the war broke out; and they sort of poked fun at us, and him most of all. Thought they wouldn't ever get over his carrying his fife slung around his neck when we marched, so's he could play the 'The Star-Spangled Banner' on it come resting time. And it struck them funny because he always chummed right in with the men, laughing and talking with them, and playing tunes, instead of sitting in the officers' tent with the rest. Well, our first fight come after a while—Antietam! I tell you, I shan't ever forget till the longest day I live how I felt, crouching down there in the

corn rows, and hearing the tramp, tramp, of the enemy a-coming as if there was fifty thousand of them. And when we first caught sight of their gray coats in among the leaves, and the bullets begun to whizz, I'm free to confess my knees just went to giving out from under me. I believe I'd lit out for camp that first minute if it hadn't been for seeing Harry there, walking along so kind of easy and unconcerned and smiling that it shamed me. But I can't tell you much about that first half hour. Well, I kept as near him as I could, a-loading and firing, and firing and loading, till all at once somebody cried out that the rebels was hemming us in, and the next minute there was a rush—I with the rest—each one trying to see which could get back to camp quickest; and not paying any more attention to the gen'ral's yelling 'Stop, boys! Back!' than as if he hadn't been there;—till all of a sudden we caught sight of our company's flag a-waving toward the front, and Harry holding it, and shouting, 'Come along, boys; it's for "The Star-Spangled Banner!" Come along! We'll show them!' And I don't know how 'twas, but them words just took all the fright out of us, and we rushed after him, and charged ahead, and beat the enemy back. And that night, when Harry sat in the camp and played 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' there wasn't a man so sick or so homesick or so sad that he couldn't raise his voice to join in. Promoted? Of course, he'll be promoted! He'll be major-general before the war is over, and he ought to. They can say anybody'd done it if they'd only thought, but there's some folks that do things without stopping to think, and that's what makes them heroes. Now me, no matter what chance I had, I'd never be anything but just commonplace."

Jim was not the only one who believed in Harry's future glory. They talked about it a little, in desultory fashion, as they grouped around the fire upon the eve of the second battle. Later, when the doubts of the morrow's outcome had sent a sort of stillness through the camp, and someone had tried to sing "Home, Sweet Home," and broken down ignominiously, the commonplace private felt a hand upon his arm.

"Jim!" said Harry.

"Well?"

"If I should be killed to-morrow and you shouldn't—of course I expect we're going to knock those rebels higher than a cocked hat—but if, before we did it, I should be killed—You ain't asleep, are you, Jim?"

"No, I'm listening. Go on."

"I hope I'll be killed at the head of my company, leading them on. And if I am, I want you to write back to mother and tell her how I died."

"Oh, you ain't going to die," said Jim, gruffly. "You'll be promoted." He added, after a pause, "I'll write, though."

"And I'll write about you, if—"

But Jim interrupted him.

"No, you needn't. There ain't anybody that cares particularly, and they'd know I wouldn't do anything worth speaking of. If I'm missing, just send word I'm dead, and that'll be the end of it."

Captain Harry led his men on to battle the next day, with a smile on his lips. The enemy's guns swept great gaps in their ranks; the men were struck down on every side; but they pressed forward, fighting stubbornly.

"Right flank, forward and capture that breastwork," came the order, and, undismayed, they rushed ahead. But they were fighting against terrible odds. The terrific fire from the redoubts caused the men to hesitate and fall back; but Captain Harry urged them on.

"Come along, boys, for 'The Star-Spangled Banner'—" and the next moment he fell.

It was Jim who was nearest him, and who picked him up, and started to bear him away. But Harry struggled to speak.

"For God's sake, Jim, put me down—don't bother with me!" he cried, wildly. "Help the boys—they're falling back! Make them go forward—for the sake of honor—for the flag—Jim. Won't you lead them on—won't you?"

Jim stooped and touched his lips to the young hero's cheek.

"So help me God, I will," he said, solemnly.

The next moment Captain Harry had received his promotion.

Later, when Jim told of that death, he told also of the scene that followed.

"I ain't a plucky man—you all know that—but the thought of that promise I'd made just drove the fear out of my mind. The men had broken ranks, and the officers couldn't stem the tide. They were green men, you see, and their leader gone, and the enemy after them fast. I rushed in and shouted for them to stop, to turn back— for Harry's sake—for the sake of the flag, but they never heard me. And then—I believe the good Lord put it into my head—I thought of the fife, and turned back to where *he* was lying, with a smile on his dead face. I unfastened it and put it to my lips and began to play 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' The sound rose above the din of the battle and the shouts of the men—it made them think of him and what he'd wanted them to do—and they begun to hesitate. Then I played the chorus, and put my life in it, and one of them shouted: 'Boys, let's go back!' The next minute the tide had turned, and I was rushing back with them, playing all the way; and when a shot struck my leg, and they dragged me to one side, I didn't stop—for I knew the music made them think of him, and they'd fight the better for it. Then they see what I was doing, and begun to cheer, and rushed up the hill a-cheering, and captured the redoubt. And I just fainted away with them shouts and 'The Star-Spangled Banner' a-ringing in my ears."

And now, when the G. A. R. veterans—gray-haired, growing fewer and fewer every year—meet together in memory of the dead who lie sleeping in soldiers' graves, Jim, still a commonplace private, meets with them, and listens to the familiar story of Captain Harry's bravery, with an admiration in which there is blended no touch of self-consciousness.

"He was made to be a hero, and he was one," says Jim. "The Lord planned it that way, I reckon. As for me, I never was made to be anything but just commonplace."

WHAT CAME FROM A RIDE.

THE most remarkable boy in the village of Samoset, on the Samoset branch of the Great Western Line to Clydeville, was Eugene Burnett. He was a hunchback, the only son of a poor woman; and at the time of this story was fourteen years old. Even at a much earlier age his singular aptness at making things and for studying out machinery of every kind had rendered him an object of remark. But among all the intricate toys that he spent his leisure hours and sickly days in contriving, steam-engines were his special delight. That king of machines he had examined and pondered over with an enthusiast's zeal and an artist's patience, till he knew every part of it thoroughly, and understood its management as well as many an old engineer.

One day the mayor of the city of Clydeville was visiting in Samoset. In the afternoon the weather, which had been beautiful, took on a threatening aspect. The wind changed and by three o'clock great masses of rolling clouds covered the sky, portending a heavy storm.

Shortly after three o'clock a dispatch was received in the telegraph office addressed to the mayor. The operator looked grave and shook his head as he copied it, and hurried it away by messenger. Not twenty minutes elapsed before a galloping horse, attached to a light, covered buggy, was seen flying down to the depot. In the buggy was the mayor, very much excited. He leaped upon the platform and summoned the railroad agent.

"When does the next train leave for Clydeville?"

"Five o'clock, sir."

"That will not do. I must leave immediately. How many miles is it to Clydeville?"

"Fifty-six, sir."

"Fifty-six!" cried the mayor, in consternation. "Then I must have an engine. A riot has broken out, and I am needed. I ought to be there now."

"I'll telegraph to the superintendent," said the station-master. "There's an engine here, but I have no authority to let it go under any circumstances unless it is attached to a train."

He touched the transmitting key, but the indicator refused to work.

"The wires are down," said he.

The mayor stared at the station-master, and the station-master stared at the mayor.

"Come," said the latter, excitedly, "fire up your engine and put me on the road! I *must* go! It is for the public good! Who will go with us?"

Just at that moment Eugene entered. The station-master turned to him.

"Eugene, do you think you understand an engine well enough to run one to Clydeville."

"Yes, sir," said Eugene, beating his cap upon a chair.

"Are you certain?"

"Yes, sir," responded the boy, smiling; "I understand everything about an engine."

"But did you ever *run* one?"

"A few miles once. I know I can manage it very easily."

The mayor hesitated.

"My boy," said he, "you know, of course, that an engine is a terrible power, and the danger of riding on one at full speed is great. It may explode, or run off the track, or may meet with an obstruction or a fatal collision?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Eugene.

The mayor walked excitedly once or twice across the floor. He looked out at the windows; the rain was falling heavily; the trees were bending in the wind, and the four miles of railroad track stretched away, glistening with the wet, as far as the eye could reach.

"Go and get up steam. The mayor must go with you or not at all," said the station-master.

He called two men to assist Eugene, and the three went out together.

The mayor paced the room. All at once there was a rumbling noise outside. He started.

"Here is a train!" cried Eugene, from the cab.

The mayor gazed at the fragile boy and at the powerful engine entrusted to his control. Then he thought of the fearful—perhaps tragic—scenes awaiting him in his distant city. He dared not hesitate longer. He leaped into the cab, and said to Eugene:

"If you carry me to Clydeville in an hour and a half, I shall give you a hundred dollars. If you feel the least fear, however, do not go at all. What do you say?"

"I will go, sir."

"All right," said the station-master. "Terence McManus is on the tender; he will feed your fire. Mr. Mayor, you had better sit on the fireman's seat and keep ringing the bell."

Eugene tried his water-gauges, looked at the fire, and then drew the lever to let the steam into the cylinder.

With an angry hiss the engine started on her way, followed by loud hurrahs and waving caps. On she sped, faster and faster, the mayor sitting upright, pulling the bell-rope, McManus on the tender, and little humpbacked Eugene, with his hand on the throttle, guiding and governing the whole.

Eugene and the mayor went flying on. Two miles! Five miles! Ten miles! His Honor grew nervous. He looked now and then at the little fellow beside him. He saw the thin, white hand clutching the steel lever, and the keen eyes scanning, now the road in front, now the machinery below.

Town after town and village after village were left behind in their wild flight. They came to a hamlet just half way to Clydeville. Here they stopped for water. The mayor's face was black with cinders, and so was Eugene's.

"Shall we get to Clydeville in thirty-five minutes more? We have come thus far in thirty-five."

"Yes, sir," said Eugene, "we shall be there in less than that time."

"Then you shall have two hundred dollars."

The mayor grew more and more anxious as they approached their destination. In his mind's eye he saw the city

in the hands of a mob, and fearful battles going on in the streets.

Twelve miles! Ten miles! Eight miles!

In the region through which they were now passing, the storm had been raging. They came to a long, descending grade. At the bottom of the grade ran a narrow stream, which was greatly swollen by the rain. Across this stream lay the railroad bridge, a structure one hundred feet long, supported by piles driven into the bed of the river.

The engine rushed down the grade toward the bridge with fearful velocity.

All at once Eugene perceived something that made his heart leap into his throat. The water on the lower side of the bridge was filled with mud. Was it possible that the bridge was giving way?

To stop the engine was out of the question. Eugene made up his mind in an instant. He pulled his lever and let on the full head of steam.

He was bent upon rushing the engine across the bridge before it had time to sink, even if it should begin to give way.

In a moment they were upon it. Eugene saw the dreadful water boiling below. The bridge shook. The engine rocked and staggered as it flew along. The mayor leaped down from his seat with starting eyes, and Terence, the firemen, uttered a frightened cry. But little Eugene remained cool. There was a sensation of sinking, and Eugene saw that several timbers had started. The mayor and Terence prepared for a flying leap into the river. But the little engineer's shrill voice arrested them.

"Stay here! Don't move, or you'll be killed!"

The locomotive swept across the trestles like a whirlwind. It kept the track to the end and rolled upon solid ground again. Instantly Eugene reversed the machinery and ordered Terence to put down the brake. The bridge had fallen behind them!

And now they were speeding forward again toward Clydeville It was only four miles further. They traveled these four miles in five minutes.

In twenty-four hours every paper in the city had the story in print. The boy had become famous.

A month after that eventful day, Eugene might have been seen in the department of engineering in the technological institute, dressed in the blue suit and silver-laced cap of the school. His friend, the mayor, was his patron, and procured his rapid advancement, and it is not a rare sight now to see the great man and the deformed boy walking together in the city streets.

A GERMAN FIRE-EATER.

THEODORE SEDGWICK FAY.

THE story that I am about to tell is of a tradition of past times, which have not yet been forgotten at the German University. There was once, says the tradition, a nobleman, Baron von Mentz, of high rank in the Empire, belonging to a family conspicuous for its brutality. There was, on the continent of Europe, but one ruffian who surpassed him in every attribute of a scoundrel—that was his son.

What the father was in the Empire, the young man was in the University. Disgusted by the proceedings of this student, many young men abandoned Heidelberg. None remained except a set who were willing to receive this boisterous and desperate fellow for a leader. His preeminence was maintained not only by boldness and personal strength, but by extraordinary skill in the art of fencing, and a power to place a pistol ball just where he pleased. This is a very awkward sort of fellow to meet in a quarrel. One—two—three—crack! and good-bye to you.

At last a young stranger entered the University,—Arnold by name. Slender, delicate, boyish, graceful,—he seemed far more inclined to study than either to drink or to fight. But a few weeks after his arrival he surprised everyone by giving a splendid fête, inviting all his acquaintances except Mentz. The omission was significant. Mentz himself did

not believe it, and sent a friend to say he presumed it was accidental. The answer was short and sweet: "Not accidental—intentional." Mentz could hardly believe his ears.

"By the bones of my fathers," cried the ruffian, "I will be present at his fête. And yet more! I will make him drink my health. And still more, if he hesitates, I will make him drink it on his knees."

Arnold was informed of this threat.

"Well," he said, "let him come. He shall find a welcome befitting such a guest."

The company assembled. The table was filled, with a single exception. One seat remained vacant. Upon it was a paper inscribed: "For the uninvited guest."

The fête had nearly concluded when Mentz entered the hall and occupied the vacant seat with a frown. Arnold took no notice of the threatening intruder, but did the honors of the board with perfect ease and good humor. Suddenly, a student—one of Mentz's minions—rose and said:

"I propose the health of Baron von Mentz."

The goblets were all quaffed except one. That of Arnold stood untouched.

"One cup has not been emptied," cried Mentz. "I will make the owner swallow it if I have to pour it down his throat."

Several friendly voices in the neighborhood were heard advising Arnold to empty the cup. "Refrain thy foot from this brawl," was the general advice. "Drink and be done with it. That is best."

While these suggestions were uttered in hasty whispers, the youth remained silent.

"Gentlemen," he said, at length, "I have not yet been long enough at your University to learn whether scenes of this kind are got up in earnest or in jest. If in earnest, I will simply remark that no one but a ruffian would come to a banquet uninvited; and no one but a coward and a scoundrel would attempt to bully the host."

"Art thou speaking of me?" cried Mentz. "By the bones of my fathers—but stop," he continued, "I have pity on thy young head and inexperienced hand. Thou knowest

not what thou dost. Take the goblet and drink. Drink deep! Drink quick! Otherwise, thou knowest I have made a vow to make thee drink on thy knees."

Arnold did not drink. He waited a moment, till not a murmur broke the silence, and then said:

"Thou drunken, bragging bully! Thou hast lorded it long enough over the weak and defenceless. Thus I yield to thy threats. Thus I drink thy health."

As he spoke, he dashed the contents of the goblet full into the face of Mentz, then hurled the goblet itself at the same mark. At first the act was greeted with irresistible applause, which ceased almost as suddenly as it had arisen; for though the unexpected drama had nobly commenced, it was uncertain how it might terminate. Many exclaimed:

"Brave Arnold! Noble Arnold! Canst thou fence? Hast thou skill with the pistol?"

"No," replied Arnold. "I can not fence. I have no skill with the pistol?"

"Die then thou shalt," thundered Mentz. "I challenge thee to mortal combat. It is for thee to name place and weapon, but let it not be later than to-morrow night, or I shall burst with rage and impatience.'

"Thou shalt not die so inglorious a death," cried Arnold. "I will fight with thee to-night."

"To-night is dark. The moon is down. The stars are clouded. We can not see to fight to-night."

"Good!" said the youth. "Then we will not go out. The moon and the stars thou shalt never behold again. We will lay down our lives here—in this hall—on this spot."

"But—but—that is, we have no weapons," said Mentz.

"Oh, yes," replied Arnold, drawing a pair of pistols from his bosom. "I did not come here to meet an uninvited guest without providing means to give him a welcome. In all Germany there is not a better pair."

"Young man," cried Mentz, in a voice clouded and low, quite sobered by his new position.

"Dost thou hesitate?" asked Arnold.

Mentz desperately seized one of the pistols and said: "Name the distance."

"There shall be no distance," said Arnold, quietly, "not even this table between us. Foot to foot—breast to breast. I came here to die, but not alone. Here I take the last leap. Here I throw away a life worthless and hateful to me; and here I drag down with me, into the black depths, this trembling, bullying coward. Now plant thy pistol to my bosom. I plant mine to thine. Thy puppet yonder shall call: One! two! three!—and at the third call we shall both be in the unknown world!"

He raised the pistol. Mentz followed his example, but drew the trigger before the call commenced. His pistol hung fire, and in his agitation fell to the floor. The self-possession of the bully was not increased by the deafening cries of "Shame! Shame!"

Arnold picked up the fallen weapon and placed it in the trembling hand of his enemy.

"Mentz," he said, "you are a base donkey in a lion's skin. If you apologize for your uninvited presence, you may walk out of the room a living man. If you refuse, you will be carried out a corpse."

"Had I not been heated by wine," growled Mentz, "I could —of course—never have intruded where I was not invited."

"Do you ask my pardon?"

A pause. Arnold cocked his pistol.

"I—I—I—beg your pardon," said Mentz, and slunk away amid uproarious shouts of laughter and numerous missiles hurled from the hands of his quondam admirers. He was never subsequently seen among the students.

And Arnold?

A beautiful woman had encouraged the boy with hopes which that morning she had confessed herself unable to fulfil. It was under the influence of this disappointment that the young man had resolved to destroy his existence with his own hand. But Mentz's message suggested a new idea. He might turn his self-destruction to some account by confronting the audacious swaggerer. The success of his scheme counterbalanced his despair, and thenceforth he went on his way rejoicing, caring as little for his fickle sweetheart as for the fire-eating, craven-hearted Mentz.

THE DEATH OF MILDRED.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Arranged from "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon."

CHARACTERS:
- THOROLD, Earl Tresham.
- MILDRED, his sister.
- AUSTIN, his brother.
- GUENDOLEN, Austin's wife.

SCENE: MILDRED'S chamber. MILDRED alone.

MILDRED. He comes not! I have heard of those who seemed
Resourceless in prosperity,—you thought
Sorrow might slay them when she listed; yet
Did they so gather up their diffused strength
At her first menace, that they bade her strike,
And stood and laughed her subtlest skill to scorn.
Oh! 'tis not so with me! The first woe fell,
And the rest fall upon it, not on me.
No Henry! Yet I merely sit and think
The morn's deed o'er and o'er. I must have crept
Out of myself. A Mildred that has lost
Her lover—oh, I dare not look upon
Such woe! I crouch away from it! 'Tis she,
Mildred, will break her heart, not I! The world
Forsakes me; only Henry's left me—left?
When I have lost him, for he does not come,
And I sit stupidly—O Heaven, break up
This worse than anguish, this mad apathy,
By any means or any messenger!

TRESHAM [*without*]. Mildred!

MIL. Come in! Heaven hears me!
[*Enter* TRESHAM.] You? Alone?

ı, no more cursing!
TRESH. Mildred, I must sit.
here—you sit!
MIL. Say it, Thorold—do not look
The curse! Deliver all you come to say!
What must become of me? Oh! speak that thought
Which makes your brow and cheek so pale!
TRESH. My thought?
MIL. All of it!
TRESH. It weighs so much upon my mind that I
This morning took an office not my own!
I might—of course, I must be glad or grieved,
Content or not, at every little thing
That touches you. I may with a wrung heart
Even reprove you, Mildred; I did more.
Will you forgive me?
MIL. Thorold? Do you mock?
Or no—and yet you bid me—say that word!
TRESH. Forgive me, Mildred! Are you silent, sweet?
MIL. [*starting up*]. Why does not Henry Mertoun come to-night?
Are you, too, silent?
[*Dashing his mantle aside, and pointing to his empty scabbard.*]
Ah, this speaks for you!
You've murdered Henry Mertoun! Now proceed!
You'll tell me that he loved me, never more
Than bleeding out his life there. Must I say
"Indeed," to that? Enough! I pardon you.
TRESH. You can not, Mildred! For the harsh words, yes;
Of this last deed Another's judge, whose doom
I wait in doubt, despondency, and fear.
MIL. Oh, true! There's naught for me to pardon! True!
You loose my soul of all its cares at once.
[illegible] me sure of him forever! You
[illegible] He shall tell me them,

And take my answer—not in words, but reading
Himself the heart I had to read him late,
Which death——

TRESH. Death? You are dying, too? Well said
Of Guendolen! I dared not hope you'd die;
But she was sure of it.

MIL. Tell Guendolen
I loved her, and tell Austin——

TRESH. Him you loved.
And me?

MIL. Ah, Thorold! Was't not rashly done
To quench that blood, on fire with youth and hope
And love of me—whom you loved, too, and yet
Suffered to sit here waiting his approach
While you were slaying him? Oh! doubtlessly
You let him speak his poor confused boy's-speech—
Do his poor utmost to disarm your wrath
And respite me!—you let him try to give
The story of our love and ignorance,
And the brief madness and the long despair—
You let him plead all this, because your code
Of honor bids you hear before you strike.
But at the end, as he looked up for life
Into your eyes,—you struck him down!

TRESH. No! no!
Had I but heard him—had I let him speak
Half the truth—less—had I looked long on him,
I had desisted! Why, as he lay there,
The moon on his flushed cheek, I gathered all
The story ere he told it; I saw through
The troubled surface of his crime and yours
A depth of purity immovable.
Had I but glanced, where all seemed turbidest
Had gleamed some inlet to the calm beneath.
I would not glance; my punishment's at hand.
There, Mildred, is the truth! and you—say on—
You curse me?

MIL. As I dare approach that heaven

Which has not bade a living thing despair,
Which needs no code to keep its grace from stain,
But bids the vilest worm that turns on it
Desist and be forgiven,—I—forgive not,
But bless you, Thorold, from my soul of souls! [*Falls on his neck.*]
There! Do not think too much upon the past!
The cloud that's broke was all the same a cloud,
While it stood up between my friend and you;
You hurt him 'neath its shadow. But is that
So past retrieve? I have his heart, you know;
I may dispose of it. I give it you!
It loves you as mine loves! Confirm me, Henry! [*Dies.*]
TRESH. I wish thee joy, beloved! I am glad
In thy full gladness!
GUENDOLEN [*without*]. Mildred! Tresham!
[*Entering with Austin.*] Thorold,
I could desist no longer. Ah! she swoons!
That's well.
TRESH. Oh! better far than that!
GUEN. She's dead!
Let me unlock her arms!
TRESH. She threw them thus
About my neck, and blessed me, and then died.
You'll let them stay now, Guendolen!
AUSTIN. Leave her
And look to him! What ails you, Thorold?
GUEN. White
As she and whiter! Austin! quick—this side!
AUS. A froth is oozing through his clenched teeth;
Both lips, where they're not bitten through, are black.
Speak, dearest Thorold!
TRESH. Something does weigh down
My neck beside her weight. Thanks! I should fall
But for you, Austin, I believe!—there, there,
'Twill pass away soon!—ah!—I had forgotten!
I am dying.
GUEN. Thorold! Thorold! why was this?

TRESH. I said, just as I drank the poison off,
The earth would be no longer earth to me,
The life out of all life was gone from me.
There are blind ways provided, the foredone
Heart-weary player in this pageant-world
Drops out by letting the main masque defile
By the conspicuous portal. I am through—
Just through!

GUEN. Don't leave him, Austin! Death is close.

TRESH. Already Mildred's face is peacefuller.
I see you, Austin—feel you. Here's my hand,
Put yours in it—you, Guendolen, yours, too!
You're lord and lady now—you're Treshams; name
And fame are yours. You hold our 'scutcheon up.—
Austin, no blot on it! You see how blood
Must wash one blot away. The first blot came,
And the first blood came. To the vain world's eye
All's gules again; no care to the vain world,
From whence the red was drawn!

AUS. No blot shall come!

TRESH. I said that, yet it did come. Should it come,
Vengeance is God's, not man's. Remember me! [*Dies.*]

GUEN. [*letting fall the pulseless arm*]. Ah, Thorold!
we can but—remember you!

THAT LITTLE WRETCH.

ANTHONY HOPE.

SEEING that little Johnny Tompkins was safely out of the country, under injunctions to make a new man of himself, and to keep that new man, when made, at the antipodes, I could not see anything indiscreet in touching on the matter in the course of conversation with Mrs. Hilary Musgrave. In fact, I was curious to find out what she knew, and, supposing she knew, what she thought. So I mentioned little Johnny Tompkins.

"Oh, that little wretch!" cried Mrs. Hilary. "You know he came here two or three times? Anybody can impose on Hilary."

"Happy woman! I—I mean unhappy man, Mrs. Hilary."

"And how much was it he stole?"

"Hard on a thousand," said I. "For a time, you know, he was quite a man of fashion."

"Oh, I know. He came here in his own hansom, perfectly dressed, and——"

"Behaved all right, didn't he?"

"Yes. Of course, there was a something."

"Or you wouldn't have been deceived?" said I, with a smile.

"I wasn't deceived," said Mrs. Hilary, an admirable flush appearing on her cheeks.

"That is to say, Hilary wouldn't."

"Oh, Hilary! Why didn't his employers prosecute him, Mr. Carter?"

"In the first place, he had that inestimable advantage in a career of dishonesty—respectable relations."

"Well, but still——"

"His widowed mother was a trump, you know."

"Do you mean a good woman?"

"Doubtless she was; but I meant a good card. However, there was another reason."

"I can't see any," declared Mrs. Hilary.

"I'm going to surprise you," said I. "Hilary interceded for him."

"Hilary?"

"You didn't know it! I thought not. Well, he did."

"Why, he always pretended to want him to be convicted."

"Cunning Hilary!" said I.

"He used to speak most strongly against him."

"That was his guile," said I.

"Oh, but why in the world——" she began; then she paused, and went on again: "It was nothing to do with Hilary."

"Hilary went with me to see him, you know, while they had him under lock and key at the firm's offices."

"Did he? I never heard that."

"And he was much impressed with his bearing."

"Well, I suppose, Mr. Carter, that if he was really penitent——"

"Never saw a man less penitent," I interrupted. "He gloried in his crime. If I remember his exact expression, it was that the jam was jolly well worth the powder, and if they liked to send him to chokee, they could and be—and suffer accordingly, you know."

"And after that, Hilary——"

"Oh, anybody can impose on Hilary, you know. Hilary only asked what the 'jam' was."

"It's a horrid expression, but I suppose it meant acting the part of a gentleman, didn't it?"

"Not entirely. According to what he told Hilary, Johnny was in love."

"Oh! and he stole for some wretched——"

"Now, do be careful. What do you know about the lady?"

"The *lady!* I can imagine Johnny Tompkins's ideal!"

"So can I, if you come to that."

"And she must have known his money wasn't his own."

"Why must she?" I asked. "According to what he told Hilary, she didn't."

"I don't believe it!" said Mrs. Hilary, with decision.

"Hilary believed it!"

"Oh, Hilary!"

"But, then, Hilary knew the girl."

"Hilary knew! You mean to say Hilary knew?"

"No one better," said I, composedly.

Mrs. Hilary rose to her feet.

"Who was the creature?" she asked, sharply.

"Come," I expostulated, "how would you like it, if your young man had taken to theft, and——"

"Oh, nonsense. Tell me her name, please, Mr. Carter."

"Johnny told Hilary that just to see her and talk to her

and sit by her was 'worth all the money'—but, then, to be sure, it was somebody else's money—and that he'd do it again to get what he had got over again. Then, I'm sorry to say, he swore."

"And Hilary believed that stuff?"

"Hilary agreed with him," said I. "Hilary, you see, knows the lady."

"What's her name, Mr. Carter?"

"Didn't you notice his attentions to anyone?"

"*I* notice! You don't mean that I've seen her?"

"Certainly you have."

"Was she ever here?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hilary. Hilary takes care of that."

"I shall be angry in a minute, Mr. Carter. Oh, I'll have this out of Hilary!"

"I should."

"Who was she?"

"According to what he told Hilary, she was the most fascinating woman in the world. Hilary thought so, too."

Mrs. Hilary began to walk up and down.

"Oh, so Hilary helped to let him go, because they both—"

"Precisely," said I.

"And you dare to come and tell me?"

"Well, I thought you ought to know," said I. "Hilary's just as mad about her as Johnny—in fact, he said he'd be hanged if he wouldn't have done the same himself."

I once saw Ristori play Lady Macbeth. Her performance was recalled to me by the tones in which Mrs. Hilary asked: "Who is this woman, if you please, Mr. Carter?"

"So Hilary got him off—gave him fifty pounds, too."

"Glad to get him away, perhaps," she burst out, in angry scorn.

"Who knows?" said I. "Perhaps."

"Her name?" demanded Lady Macbeth—I mean Mrs. Hilary—again.

"I shan't tell you, unless you promise to say nothing to Hilary."

"To say nothing! Well, really—"

"Oh, all right!" and I took up my hat.
"But I can watch them, can't I?"
"As much as you like."
"Won't you tell me?"
"If you promise."
"Well, then, I promise."
"Look in the glass."
"What for?"
"To see your face, to be sure."
She started, blushed red, and moved a step toward me.
"You don't mean—" she cried.
"Thou art the woman," said I.
"Oh, but he never said a word—"
"Johnny had his code," said I; "and in some ways it was better than some people's—in some, alas! worse."
"And Hilary?"
"Really you know better than I do whether I've told the truth about Hilary."
A pause ensued. Then Mrs. Hilary made three short remarks, which I give in their order:
1. "That little wretch!"
2. "Dear old Hilary!"
3. "Poor little man!"
I took my hat. I knew that Hilary was due from the city in a few minutes. Mrs. Hilary sat down by thefire.
"How dare you torment me so?" she asked, but not in the least like Lady Macbeth.
"I must have my little amusements," said I.
"What an audacious little creature!" said Mrs. Hilary. "Fancy his daring! Aren't you astounded?"
"Oh, yes, I am. But Hilary, you see—"
"It's nearly his time," said Mrs. Hilary.
I buttoned my left glove and held out my right hand.
"I've a good mind not to shake hands with you," said she. "Wasn't it absurd of Hilary?"
"Horribly."
"He ought to have been all the more angry."
"Of course, he ought."

"The presumption of it!"

Mrs. Hilary smiled. I also smiled.

"That poor old mother of his," reflected Mrs. Hilary.

"Where did you say she lived?"

"Hilary knows the address," said I.

"Silly little wretch!" mused Mrs. Hilary, still smiling.

"Good-bye," said I.

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Hilary.

I turned toward the door and had laid my hand on the knob, when Mrs. Hilary called softly:

"Mr. Carter."

"Yes," said I, turning.

"Do you know where that little wretch has gone?"

"Oh, yes," said I.

"I—I suppose you don't ever write to him?"

"Dear me, no," said I.

"But you—could?" suggested Mrs. Hilary.

"Of course," said I.

She jumped up and ran toward me. Her purse was in one hand, and a bit of paper fluttered in the other.

"Send him that—don't tell him," she whispered, and her voice had a little catch in it. "Poor little wretch!" said she.

As for me, I smiled cynically—quite cynically, you know; for it was very absurd.

"Please go," said Mrs. Hilary.

And I went.

Supposing it had been another woman! Well, I wonder.

ENVY.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

HE was the first always. Fortune
Shone bright in his face.
I fought for years; with no effort
He conquered the place.

We ran; my feet were all bleeding,
But he won the race.

Spite of his many successes,
Men loved him the same;
My one pale ray of good fortune
Met scoffing and blame.
When we erred, they gave him pity,
But me—only shame.

My home was still in the shadow,
His lay in the sun.
I longed in vain; what he asked for,
It straightway was done.
Once I staked all my heart's treasure;
We played—and he won.

And only just now I have seen him,
Cold, smiling, and blest,
Laid in his coffin. God help me!
While he is at rest,
I am cursed still to live;—even
Death loved him the best.

A ROMANCE OF THE MATTERHORN.

ESME STUART.

[Harry Venner is led by jealousy to believe Hadden Colmer to be his enemy. As the result of a conversation between them, each decides to do Penhall's route of the west face of the Matterhorn. Neither knows of the other's decision. Harry Venner starts with a friend, but at the cabin where they rest for the night, they meet Hadden Colmer, and his guide. The friend of Venner is suddenly taken ill and the guide is left to conduct him safely to the hotel. Venner and Colmer decide to go on in each other's company.]

WHEN we started from the hut in darkness, we heard an ice-avalanche thundering down from the precipices of the Dent d' Hérens; then perfect silence succeeded, which I did not trouble to break. Though I did not waste my words on Colmer, I was surprised to find that he was a good mountaineer. It does not improve one's temper to dis-

cover one has suspected a man of false boasting, and then find out that he has spoken the truth.

On we trudged; and when morning broke, the Matterhorn stood between us and the sun. We ascended higher and approached Penhall's couloir. But once here how were we to proceed? On the opposite side the rocks looked horrible. However, we managed to climb down to it, and saw that the ice was furrowed by avalanches. There was no time to stop; so we followed it up higher, and crossing, got on to the rocks, still sloping, still slippery; some actually covered with ice. It was horrible work! Once, in a pause, Colmer looked at me calmly and said:

"We are now cut off completely."

"No going back, certainly; we must get to the top," I answered. I turned toward Colmer with a grim face: "Can you get to the top?"

"Can you?"

"No, it is impossible; we are driven back."

"We settled just now that going back was impossible, and the sun is coming round our side, which means a storm of stones. Hello! here's a specimen."

"Back at once, Colmer! there's not a minute to lose," I cried. "Back, back!"

The words seemed to return to me with the addition, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but conscience said: "You knew the dangers, he did not!"

It is terrible in the midst of a fierce and powerful nature not to feel at peace with one's conscience. I did not think now of my own danger; my one idea was, "I must save him at any cost." I pulled off my shoes and took the lead. Every step had to be considerate, and the rope continually tested between us. When we reached the ice-slope, I could not stop to put on my shoes again, as whole avalanches of stones came down constantly.

At last, we reached the couloir which we had previously crossed, and whose furrows told us what to expect. We had to choose either to bear the furious shower of stones, any one of which might kill us, or else to chance crossing the narrow

couloir, on the other side of which was comparative safety, but then the couloir was the war-path of the avalanches.

"Shall we risk it?" I asked, pausing to pull on my shoes. "The risk is about equal; crossing certainly seems the shortest road to safety. Let me go first."

Suddenly a roar is heard; there is a shower of fresh stones; I am conscious of a mighty avalanche nearing us. Retreat, there is no time; but I do not lose presence of mind. I'm blinded by powdery snow. I feel sure that my last hour has come. Then I'm dashed on rocks; I feel myself lifted up and thrown like a ball hurled from a boy's hand. At every change of slope I know we are flying into the air, then plunged into snow, then hurled against each other. Surely all is over; surely I am dead, and this is only after-consciousness. Countless thoughts throng my brain, and always one thought, "Is he dead? The avalanche has expended its force. Where am I? Where is he?"

In a few minutes I recovered consciousness; and, feeling the rope not broken, I pulled it. Yes, he was there, half-buried in the snow. I shook him, and he awoke; but he did not know me; he was delirious, and even tried to resist me as I pulled with all my enfeebled strength at the rope; for we were still in the track of the avalanches and another might come and sweep us into eternity. At last I succeeded; but how much better off were we? We were far away from human help. Hadden Colmer was raving in delirium; and I? The exquisite pain I felt told me I had sprained my ankle. Otherwise, strangely enough, I had nothing but bruises, though no broken bones.

What could I do? Why was he not saved and I in his place? How could I get him help, unable as I was to walk or to stand upright? If he died, I should be a murderer,—a murderer! No, no; I could still crawl. I would get help, I would go to the hut on my hands and knees, for there was sure to be someone there. I tore off my coat and wrapped it round poor Hadden Colmer, who was still talking wildly, and then, alone, and on my hands and knees I began my terrible journey.

I can not describe the awful mental and bodily experience I went through. I kept repeating to myself, "I must save him! I must!" Every now and then a mocking voice seemed to say: "Why not stop and rest? Why not leave him to himself? No one will blame you;" but with a sudden thrill of horror, I was able to say: "I will go on till I die."

At last the hut is in sight. I try to call, but my voice dies away without a sound being heard. I creep on till I get close up to it. The door is shut. I clutch hold of the ledge and raise myself to look in at the window. It is empty, and night has come. I sink down upon the earth, utterly dejected. I have failed. No, no; I think of his earnest look, and I remember my own hateful thoughts; then once more I take courage, and go on crawling, crawling onward by the light of the stars. Shall I have strength to reach the Staffel Alp? At three o'clock in the morning I awake the sleepers with my strange story, and the bare facts of my extraordinary journey.

But another disappointment awaits me. No one there will volunteer for the search on the awful glacier.

"He is dead," they say; "there can be no doubt of it. Why risk any more lives? Your escape from the avalanche and your journey down here are nothing less than miraculous."

"Only try and save him," I cried. "If you will not go, then send to Zermatt for a rescue-party; there are brave fellows there."

Someone is easily found for this mission, and the others turn their attention to me. My head is getting weak, and I ask for a pencil and paper, on which I jot down the exact spot where he is to be found. As I am writing, "For God's sake go at once," the pencil drops from my fingers, and I lose consciousness. When I regained possession of my senses, my first words were, "Where is he?" And the doctor answered, kindly, "Yes, he lives, thanks to what you wrote."

THE RESCUE OF GAVIN.

J. M. BARRIE.

[Arranged from "The Little Minister," by permission of the American Publishers' Corporation.]

[The following scene occurs at the time of a terrible flood in Auld Licht Parish. Lord Rintoul, Gavin's rival for the hand of Lady Babbie, is cut off and surrounded by the waters, while returning from an unsuccessful attempt to induce Babbie to return to him. The villagers discover him lying senseless on a small island separated from them by the steep bank of Quharity, and a chasm of rocks and whirling flood, across which it seems certain death to leap. Gavin makes the attempt, however, reaches the spot in safety, and succeeds in restoring the earl to consciousness. But the waves are fast eating away the little ground on which they stand. The villagers cast them ropes, but they fall far short, and the force of the tide carries them down stream; whereat they give up all hope and stand helplessly waiting for the end.]

OUT of the mist came the voice of Gavin, clear and strong.

"If you hear me, hold up your hands as a sign."

They heard, but none wondered at his voice crossing the chasm while theirs could not. When the mist cleared, they were seen to have done what he bade them. Many hands remained up for a time because the people did not remember to bring them down, so great was the awe that had fallen on all, as if the Lord was near.

Gavin took his watch from his pocket, and said:

"I'm to fling this to you. You will give it to Mr. Ogilvy, the schoolmaster, as a token of the love I bear him."

The watch was caught and handed to Peter Tosh, the chief elder present.

"To Mr. Ogilvy," Gavin continued, "you will also give the chain. You will take it off my neck when you find the body. To each of my elders and to Hendry Munn, kirk-officer, and to my servant, Jean, I leave a book, and they will go to my study and choose it for themselves. It is my wish that every family in the congregation should have some

little thing to remember me by. This you will tell my mother. To my successor I leave whatsoever of my papers he may think of any value to him, including all my notes on Revelation, of which I meant to make a book. Mr. Moncur, of Aberbrothick, had agreed to assist me at the sacrament, and will doubtless still lend his services. The sacrament cups are in the vestry press, of which you will find the key beneath the clock in my parlor. The tokens are in the topmost drawer in my bedroom. The weekly prayer-meeting will be held as usual on Thursday at eight o'clock, and the elders will officiate. It is my wish that the news of my death be broken to my mother by Mr. Ogilvy, the schoolmaster, and by no other. But if Mr. Ogilvy is not now alive, the news of my death will be broken to my mother by my beloved wife. Last night I was married on the hill, over the tongs, but with the sanction of God, to Babbie, whom you call the Egyptian, and I here solemnly declare that she is my wife, and you will seek for her and you will tell her to go to my mother and remain with her always, for these are the commands of her husband."

It was then that Gavin paused, for Lord Rintoul had that to say to him which no longer could be kept back. All the women were crying sore, and also some men whose eyes had been dry at the coffining of their children.

"Now I ken," said Cruickshanks, who had been an atheist, "that it's only the fool wha says in his heart, 'There is no God.'"

Another said: "That's a man."

Another said: "That's our minister. He's the minister o' the Auld Licht Kirk o' Thrums. Woe is me, we're to lose him."

Many cried: "Our hearts was set hard against him. O Lord, are you angry wi' your servants that you're taking him frae us just when we ken what he is?"

Gavin did not hear them, and again he spoke:

"My brethren, God is good! I have just learned that my wife is with my dear mother in the manse. I leave them in your care and in His."

No more he said of Babbie, for the island was become very small.

"The Lord calls me hence. It is only for a little time I have been with you, and now I am going away, and you will know me no more. My people, I must say to you, 'Farewell!'"

Then for the first time his voice faltered, and wanting to go on he could not.

"Let us read," he said, quickly, "in the fourteenth of Matthew, from the twenty-eighth verse."

He repeated these four verses:

"'And Peter answered him and said, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water."

"'And He said, "Come." And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus.

"'But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, "Lord, save me."

"'And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him, and said unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"'"

After this Gavin's voice was again steady, and he said: "The sand-glass is almost run out. Dearly beloved, with what words shall I bid you good-bye?"

Many thought that these were to be the words, for the mist parted, and they saw the island tremble and half of it sink.

"My people," said the voice behind the mist, "this is the text I leave with you: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.' Let God's word be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path; may He be your refuge and your strength. Amen."

This amen he said quickly, thinking death was now come. Then came a stillness. No one breathed.

But the two men were not yet gone, and Gavin spoke once more:

"Let us sing to the praise of God the Twenty-third Psalm."

He himself raised the tune, and so long as they heard his voice, they sang:

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in Death's dark vale
Yet will I fear none ill;
For He is with me; and His rod
And staff——"

But some had lost the power to sing in the first verse, and others at "Death's dark vale," and when one man found himself singing alone he stopped abruptly. This was because they no longer heard the minister.

"O Lord!" Peter Tosh cried, "lift the mist, for its mair than we can bear."

The mist rose slowly, and those who had courage to look saw Gavin praying with the earl. Many could not look, and some of them did not even see Rob Dow jump. For it was Dow, the man with the crushed leg, who saved Gavin's life, and flung away his own for it. Suddenly he was seen on the edge of the bank, holding one end of the improvised rope in his hands. As Tosh says:

"It all happened in the opening and shutting o' an eye. It's a queer thing to say, but, though I cried to God to take awa the mist, when He did raise it I couldna look. I shut my e'en tight, and held my arm afore my face like ane feared o' being struck. Even when I daured to look, my arm was shaking so that I could see Rob both above it and below it. He was on the edge, crouching to leap. I didna see wha had

haud o' the other end o' the rope. I heard the minister cry, 'No, Dow, no!' and it gaed through me as quick as a stab that if Rob jumped he would knock them both into the water. But he did jump, and you ken how it was that he didna knock them off."

It was because he had no thought of saving his own life. He jumped, not at the island, now little bigger than the seat of a chair, but at the edge of it, into the foam, and with his arm outstretched. For a second the hand holding the rope was on the dot of land. Gavin tried to seize the hand. Rintoul clutched the rope.

The earl and the minister were dragged together into safety, and both left the water senseless. Gavin has never since been able to lift his left hand higher than his head. Dow's body was found next day near the schoolhouse.

THE SIGNALMAN'S STORY.

JESSIE H. WHEELER.

YES, sir, I've been in the company, well, thirty year come June,
And thirty-five in the signal-box knocks any man out of tune;
Still, the job's far lighter than when I came—our pay is better, and men
Have shorter hours at a stretch, you know. It *was* a bit rough, sir, then.
P'raps you wouldn't believe, still it's true, I've stuck to my arduous post
For thirty hours without a break, yet it isn't a thing to boast.
Yes, I've stuck to it nearly a-dozing to sleep, and then with a spring to my feet,
I have realized my position, sir, and paced the old box, and beat
My face with my hands, and pinched myself to keep me awake, you see,
As I thought of the dire disaster that might even happen through me.

Eh? Accidents? No, in my whole career on the line I've had, sir, none;
Not even approaching an accident. Humph! except, well I might say, one.
And that—by George! even now it fills my mind with a wild distress;
You shall hear it—it's quite a miracle, sir—how my girl saved the fast express.

I was stationed at Bumbleton Junction-box, about twenty mile up from here.
'Twas a busy post, I can tell you, sir, where the traffic never seemed clear,
And a trim little cottage, with fruit and flower, my good little wife and I,
With our only girl, about five years old, lived in up the lane close by.
Those were happy times—why, the country there seemed the loveliest spot on earth,
Where our pretty child, with her sun-browned face, thrived well from her very birth.
Now at Bumbleton, duty at times was stiff; my mate he was frequently ill,
And I often had to do double turn, and scarcely ever was still,
While with plenty of shunting and siding work it kept you upon the go;
Yes, you had to be wide-awake up there, whether long hours or no.
But it didn't much matter, these double turns, for the wife and my child each day
Would visit me up at the box, and bring my meals if I had to stay;
And often this sweet little five-year old would stop for an hour with me,
Enjoying a look at the "puff, puff, trains," playing with childish glee.
One day—'twas a beautiful breezy morn—but I wanted a thorough spell,

For I'd been on duty the previous day, and right through the night as well;
Little Janie had come to see her dad, and play with his flags and "toys,"
And see the big "puff-puffs" whirl past and make "such a lovely noise."
I anxiously waited for my relief; I was drowsy and seemed nigh spent,
And took no notice much of the child as she played to her heart's content.
"Line clear!" for the fast express I'd given, and could just in the distance hear
Her rattling along at terrific speed, and gradually coming near;
And louder and louder the sound arose; she was quickly approaching now—
When all of a sudden I heard her stop. I wondered, sir, why, somehow.
Then I turned to look through the window, when, Good Heavens! my precious Jane
Was waving the red flag out of the box, so joyful to greet the train.
The driver had stopped at this danger signal, and lucky it was for me,
For I turned my eyes, and was horror-struck. What? Surely it couldn't be——
Yes, I'd left a goods train on the main line, sir, and in my half-drowsy state
Forgotten to signal it through before the express came on. Too late?
No, no, thank God! Through my darling child displaying that danger flag,
The driver unheeded my signal "clear!" and pulled up under the rag.
Some kind of an explanation I made by saying "I waved the red
As the signal arm was just a bit wrong." The driver, my old friend, Ted,

Kept silence, and nobody knew but us we'd averted a fearful
crash,
And the luggage train I at once despatched, ah! sharp as a
lightning flash.
And away flew the big express once more, away over moor
and stream,
As I clasped the child to my beating heart, it seemed like an
awful dream.
No, nobody knew that aught was amiss, or what of risk their
amount,
Nor the company, sir, to this very day, or I might be called
to account,
And whenever I speak of accidents now, this picture comes
up again,—
Of how my child from destruction saved her dad, and the
Bathville train.

THE GLADIATORS.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

THEY were born in the mountains, in the desert, among the caresses of nature, breathing the pure air of the fields and of sacred liberty. War and war alone has torn them from their country. Rome has fed them for the sake of their blood,—blood to be offered in sacrifice to the majesty of the Roman people. Already they lie in ambush; they search; they threaten and persist in the bloody strife. If anyone, moved by terror for himself or compassion for his opponent, draws back, or seems to shrink, the master of the circus tortures him with a red-hot iron button on his naked shoulder. The crimson blood flows and smokes in the circus. One man has slipped and fallen! The people shout,—they believe him dead. When he rises they hiss. He loses heart after vain and desperate efforts to keep on foot. Here a man falls, felled by a single wound through the buckler. There another writhes in unsupportable anguish. Two are mortally wounded,

but in falling, fling away their swords and embrace each other for support and help in the death-agony. Mutilated limbs, torn intestines; groans of anguish; the death-rattle of the dying; faces drawn and set; last sighs and lamentations; shrieks of rage and despair;—all this is a grand spectacle for the Roman people, who shout, clap their hands, become intoxicated, infuriated! They follow the combat with keen anxiety; they strain their eyes from the sockets to see more of the slaughter; they open their lungs and nostrils to inhale the bloody vapor.

Who, who, can turn aside Rome's punishment? All her power, all her majesty, all her greatness, have been destroyed for an idea! Now emperors have died and prætors are dispersed, and the stones of the Coliseum have fallen and a new idea has replaced the ancient belief, converted the persecuted into persecutors, and attempted in its return to destroy new sects, to stifle new opinions. It has not been able to grasp the immortal idea of the human spirit that shines eternally among gods and ruins, among those who die and those who suffer, among creeds and dogmas, perpetual as the sun in the choirs of the universe.

MIDNIGHT IN LONDON.

ARDENNES JONES-FOSTER.

THERE it lies before you, that moving panorama, that ever-shifting kaleidoscope, dazing, bewildering in its myriad of mystic changes. Startling romances stride over the vast scene like pawns upon a boundless chess-board. Wealth and poverty jostling side by side in the great highways. Millionaire and beggar touching elbows in the surging crowd. Money-kings in carriages, riding past hunger-haunted hovels. Women, mothers, children, dying of cold and destitution. Everywhere bustle, *pêle-mêle*, confusion; city arteries throbbing with agitation; the rush, the race, the hurry of women and men; droning of countless wires,

carrying electric messages of life, death, sorrow, peace, joy, happiness, engagement, battle, loss, victory, fortune, into the home, the public-house, the counting-room, the offices of the great journals.

The rumbling tram-car, carrying home the belated dozing passenger; cabbie, urgently rousing his groggy fare; cautious landlord, artfully closing the shutters to cheat the excise law and accommodate the all-night toper; screech of boatman's whistle; river pirates lugging away their booty; prison deputies guarding their sleeping charge; condemned, penitent criminal, with feverish anxiety clutching the crucifix and trying to make peace with God, before the golden sun dawns upon his execution day; glum doctor bobbing about, posthaste, in answer to his patient's call; crafty, designing solicitor drawing up the last testament of the old miser; modest maiden kneeling beside the couch of innocence, entrusting her pure soul to the keeping of her Maker; Sister of Charity speaking words of cheer to a poor woman; a life-lamp going out in a near-by garret; child of nobility opening his eyes to the world in yonder palace; child of poverty born within the lowly manger; drunken man reeling home to his pallid, starving martyr-wife, who fondles in her trembling arms her puny babe, so like a parcel of unwelcome death; jolly company tripping to the strains of merry music; gay Thespians clinking glasses and toasting public favorites in rousing bumpers; sly, treacherous burglar helping the lad through the window; highwaymen, foot-pads, waylaying the lonely traveler; a cry in the night, a struggle, sharp crack of the robber's pistol, a shriek, murder, escape; bold elopement of lad and lassie thwarting the stern parental protest; tipsy serenaders waking the welkin with laughter and song. Clang! clang! clang! the fire-bells! Bing! bing! bing! the alarm! In an instant quiet turns to uproar—an outburst of noise, excitement, clamor—bedlam broken loose! Bing! bing! bing! Rattle, clash, and clatter. Open fly the doors; brave men mount their boxes. Bing! bing! bing! They're off! The horses tear down the street like mad. Bing! bing! bing! goes the gong.

"Get out of the track! The engines are coming! For God's sake snatch that child from the road!"

On, on, wildly, resolutely, madly, fly the steeds. Bing! bing! the gong. Away dash the horses on the wings of fevered fury. On whirls the machine, down streets, around corners, up this avenue and across that one, out into the very bowels of darkness, whiffing, wheezing, shooting a million stars from the stack, paving the breath of startled night with a galaxy of stars. Over the house-tops to the north, a volcanic bulge of flame shoots out, belching with blinding effect. The sky is ablaze. A tenement-house is burning. Five hundred souls are in peril. Merciful Heaven, spare the victims! Are the engines coming? Yes, here they are, dashing down the street. Look! the horses ride upon the wind, —eyes bulging like balls of fire; nostrils wide open. A palpitating billow of blaze, rolling, plunging, bounding, rising, falling, swelling, heaving, and with mad passion bursting its red-hot sides asunder, reaching out its arms, encircling, squeezing, grabbing up, swallowing everything before it with the hot, greedy mouth of an appalling monster.

How the horses dash around the corner. Animal instinct, say you? Aye, more, brute reason.

"Up the ladders, men!"

The towering building is buried in bloated banks of savage, biting elements. Forked tongues dart out and in, dodge here and there, up and down, and wind their cutting edges around every object. A crash, a dull, explosive sound, and a puff of smoke leaps out. At the highest point upon the roof stands a dark figure in a desperate strait, the hands making frantic gestures, the arms swinging wildly—and then the body shoots off into frightful space, plunging upon the pavement with a revolting thud. The man's arm strikes a bystander as he darts down. The crowd shudders, sways, and utters a low murmur of pity and horror. The faint-hearted lookers-on hide their faces. One woman swoons away.

"Poor fellow! Dead!" exclaims a laborer, as he looks upon the man's body.

"Aye, Joe and I knew him well, too. He lived next door to me, five flights back. He leaves a widowed mother and two wee bits of orphans. I helped him bury his wife a fortnight ago. Ah, Joe! but its hard lines for the orphans."

A ghastly hour moves on, dragging its regiment of panic in its trail and leaving crimson blotches of cruelty along the path of night.

"Are they all out, firemen?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"No, they're not! There's a woman in the top window holding a child in her arms—over yonder in the right-hand corner! The ladders, there! A hundred pounds to the man who makes the rescue!"

A dozen start. One man, more supple than the others and reckless in his bravery, clambers to the top rung of the ladder.

"Too short!" he cries. "Hoist another!"

Up it goes. He mounts to the window, fastens the rope, lashes mother and babe, swings them off into ugly emptiness and lets them down to be rescued by his comrades.

"Bravo! fireman!" shouts the crowd.

A crash breaks through the uproar of crackling timbers.

"Look alive up there! Great God! The roof has fallen!"

The walls sway, rock, and tumble in with a deafening roar. The spectators cease to breathe. The cold truth reveals itself. The fireman has been carried into the seething furnace. An old woman, bent with the weight of age, rushes through the fire-line, shrieking, raving, and wringing her hands and opening her heart of grief.

"Poor John! He was all I had! And brave lad he was, too! But he's gone now. He lost his own life in savin' two more, and now—now he's there, away in there!" she repeats, pointing to the cruel oven.

The engines do their work. The flames die out. An eerie gloom hangs over the ruins like a formidable blackened pall.

* * * * * *

And the noon of night is passed.

FATHER AND SON.

HALL CAINE.

Arranged from "The Deemster."

[Dan Mylrea, only son of Bishop of Mylrea, a youth of strong affections but ungovernable temper, has killed in fair fight, but in the heat of anger, Ewan Mylrea, his cousin and best-loved friend. For a while he conceals his crime, but at last, urged by remorse, confesses it. He is remanded for trial by Ewan's father, who was deemster of the Isle of Man—one of two high judicial offices in the Isle.]

THE prison for felons awaiting trial in the civil courts was in Castle Rushen, at Castletown, but it was full to overflowing. Owing to this circumstance, the deemster made the extraordinary blunder of ordering his coroner to remove Dan Mylrea to the prison beneath the ruined castle at Peeltonn, where the jailer was the parish sumner, and the governor was the bishop himself. This the deemster knew full well, and partly in defiance of his brother's authority, partly in contempt of it, he arrogated the right, without sanction from the spiritual powers, of committing Dan to the church prison.

When Dan had first been left alone in his dark cell, he had cast himself down on the broad slab cut from the rock that was his only seat and bed. His suspense was over; the weight of uncertainty was lifted from his brain; and he tried to tell himself that in his confession he had done well. He thought of Ewan with other feelings than before—of his uprightness, his tenderness, his brotherly affection, his frequent intercession and no less frequent self-sacrifice. Alone with his crime, his heart went out to the true friend whose life he had taken, with a great dumb yearning and a bitter remorse. No cruel voice whispered now in palliation of his offense, that it had not been murder, but the accident of self-defense. He had spilled the blood of the man who had loved him with more than a brother's love, and to whom his own soul had been grappled as with hooks of steel. This dark vault was his

only resting-place until he came to lie in the last resting-place of all.

It was with thoughts like these that Dan spent his first hours in prison, and when Gorry, the old keeper of the prison, interrupted them time after time with poor little troubles about the freezing cold of the pestilential place, he hardly saw through the old man's simulation, into the truer bit of human nature that lay behind it.

A few minutes after Gorry had left the cell, Dan could hear that he was returning to it, mumbling remarks meantime, as if lighting someone who came after him.

"Yes, my lord, it's dark, very dark. I'll set the lantern here, my lord, and turn the key."

In another moment old Gorry was at Dan's side, saying, in a fearful undertone:

"Lord a massy! It's the bishop hisself. I lied to him mortal, so I did—but no use—I said you were sleeping, but no good at all, at all. He wouldn't take rest without putting a sight on you. Here he is— Come in, my lord."

And Dan was alone with his father.

"Dan, are you awake?" the bishop asked, in a low, eager tone.

His eyes were not yet familiar with the half-light of the dark place, and he could not see his son. But Dan saw his father only too plainly, and one glance at him went far to banish the assurance he had lately nursed at his heart that in what he had done he had done well. The bishop was a changed and shattered man. His great calm front was gone, and in the feeble light of the lantern his eyes were altered and his face seemed to be cut deep with lines of fear. In one of his hands he held a small parcel bound tightly with a broad strap, and the other hand wandered nervously in the air before him. Dan saw everything in an instant. He rose from his seat.

"Father!" he cried, in a faint, tremulous voice.

"Wait," the bishop whispered, "are we alone?" With that the once stately man of God crept on tiptoe like a cat to the door of the cell.

"Art thou there, Paton Gorry?" he asked, feebly simulating his accustomed tone of quiet authority.

Old Gorry answered from the other side of the door that he was there, that he was sitting on the steps, that he was not sleeping, but waiting my lord's return.

The bishop crept back to Dan's side with the same cat-like step as before.

"You are safe, my son," he whispered. "You shall leave this place. It is my prison, and you shall go free."

Dan had watched his father's movements with a sickening sense.

"Then you do not know that I surrendered?" he said, faintly.

"Yes, yes; oh, yes, I know it. But that was when your arrest was certain. But now—listen."

Dan felt as if his father had struck him across the face.

"That was what the deemster said," he began; "but it is wrong."

"Listen—they have nothing against you. I know all. They can not convict you save on your own confession, and why should you confess?"

"Why?"

"Don't speak—don't explain—I must not hear you—listen!" and the old man put one arm on his son's shoulder and his mouth to his ear. "There is only one bit of tangible evidence against you, and it is here; look!"

Then down he went on one knee, put the parcel on the floor, and unclasped the strap. The parcel fell open. It contained a coat, a hat, two militia daggers, and a large, heavy stone.

"Look!" the bishop whispered again, in a note of triumph, and as he spoke a grin of delight was struck out of his saintly old face.

Dan shuddered at the sight.

"Where did you get them?" he asked.

The bishop gave a little grating laugh.

"They were brought me by some of my good people," he answered. "Oh, yes, good people all of them; and they

will not tell. Oh, no, they have promised me to be silent."

"Promised you?"

"Yes—listen again. Last night—it was dark, I think it must have been past midnight—I went to all their houses. They were in bed, but I knocked, and they came down to me. Yes, they gave me their word—on the Book they gave it. Good people all—Jabez the tailor, Stean the cobbler, Juan of Ballacry, and Thormod in the Street. I remember every man of them."

"Father, do you say you went to these people—these, the very riffraff of the island—you went to them—you, and at midnight—and begged them—"

"Hush, it is nothing. Why not? But this is important. You can sink it in the sea. Ah! have I not told you? Thormod Mylechreest has promised—I have just left him—to come down to the harbor at nine to-night, and take the fishing-smack and bring her round to the west coast of St. Patrick's Islet, and cast anchor there, and then come ashore in the boat, and wait for you."

"Wait for me, father?"

"Yes; for this prison is mine, and I shall open its doors to whomsoever it pleases me to liberate. Look!"

The bishop rose to his full height, and with a feeble show of his wonted dignity strode to the door of the cell and cried:

"Paton Gorry, open thou this door."

Old Gorry answered from without, and presently the door was opened.

"Wider."

The door was thrown wide.

"Now, give me the keys, Paton Gorry," said the bishop with the same assumption of authority.

Old Gorry handed his keys to the bishop.

"And get thee home, and stay there."

Old Gorry touched his cap and went up the steps. Then, with a bankrupt smile of sorry triumph, the bishop turned to his son.

"You see," he said, "you are free. At nine by the clock Mylechreest will come for you, and you will go to your boat

and set sail for Scotland, or England, or Ireland, or—or—"

Dan could bear up no longer. His heart was choking.

"Father, father, my father, what are you saying?" he cried.

"I am saying that you are free to leave this place."

"I will not go—I can not go."

The bishop drew a long breath and paused for a moment. He put one trembling hand to his forehead, as if to steady his reeling and heated brain.

"You can not stay," he said. "Hark! do you hear the wind how it moans? Or is it the sea that beats on the rock outside? All over our heads are the dead of ten generations."

But Dan was suffocating with shame; the desolation around, the death that was lying silent above, and the mother of sorrows that was wailing beneath had no terrors left for him.

"Father, my father," he cried again, "think what you ask me to do. Only think of it. You ask me to allow you to buy the silence of the meanest hinds alive; and at what a price? At the price of the influence, the esteem, the love and the reverence that you have won by the labor of twenty years. And to what end? To the end that I—I—"

"To the end that you may live, my son. Remember what your father's love has been to you. No, not that—but think what it must have been to him. Your father would know you were alive. It is true he would never, never see you. Yes, we should always be apart—you there, and I here—and I should take your hand and see your face no more. But you would be alive—"

"Father, do you call it living? Think if I could bear it. Suppose I escaped—suppose I were safe in some place far away—Australia, America, anywhere out of the reach of shame and death—suppose I were well, ay, and prosperous as the world goes—what then?"

"Then I should be content, my son. Yes, content, and thanking God."

"And I should be the most wretched of men. I should

know, though there were none to tell me, that at home, thousands of miles away, my poor father, the righteous bishop that once was, the leader of his people and their good father, was the slave of the lowest offal of them all, powerless to raise his hand for the hands that were held over him, dumb to reprove for the evil tongues that threatened to speak ill. And, as often as night came and I tried to sleep, I should see him there growing old, very old, and, may be, very feeble, and wanting an arm to lean on, and good people to honor him and to make him forget—yes, forget—the mad shipwreck of his son's life, but with eyes that could not lift themselves from the earth for secret shame, tortured by fears of dishonor, self-tormented and degraded before the face of his God. No, no, no, I can not take such sacrifice."

The bishop had drawn nearer to Dan and tried to take his hand. Then, as they sat together, nearer the old bishop crept, nearer and yet nearer, until one of his trembling arms encircled Dan's neck, and the dear head was drawn down to his swelling, throbbing breast.

"Then we will go together," he said, "to the utmost reaches of the earth. Yes, we will go together," he said, very quietly, and he rose to his feet, still holding Dan's hand.

Dan was suffocating with shame.

"Father," he said, "I see all now, you think me innocent, and so you would leave everything for my sake. But I am a guilty man."

"Hush! you shall not say that. Don't tell me that. No one shall tell me that. I will not hear it."

"Father, no one would need to tell you. You would find it out for yourself, and think of that awful undeceiving! You would take your son's part against the world, believing in him, but you would read his secret bit by bit, day by day. His crime would steal in between you like a spectre, it would separate you hour by hour, until at length you would be forever apart. That end would be the worst end of all. No, it can not be. Justice is against it; love is against it; and God, I think, God must be against it, too."

"God!"

Dan did not hear.

"Yes, I am guilty," he went on, "I have killed the man who loved me as his own soul. Ewan! Ewan! my brother! my brother!" he cried, and he buried his face in his hands.

The bishop stood over his son with the same gentle calm that had come upon him in the cell, and with not one breath of the restless fever with which he entered it. Once again he tried to take Dan's hand and to hold it, and to meet with his own full orbs Dan's swimming eyes.

"Yes, father, it is right that I should die, and it is necessary. Perhaps God will take my death as an atonement—"

"Atonement!"

"Or, if there is no atonement, there is only hell for my crime, and before God I am guilty!"

"Before God!"

The bishop echoed Dan's words in a dull, mechanical under-breath, and stood a long time silent while Dan poured forth his bitter remorse. Then he said, speaking with something of his own courageous calm of voice, from something like his own pure face, and with some of the upright wrinkles of his high forehead smoothed away:

"Dan, I will go home and think. I seem to be awakening from a dreadful nightmare in a world where no God is, and no light reigns, but all is dark. I thought I knew God's ways with His people, and then it seemed as if, after all these years, I had not known Him. But I am only a poor priest, and a very weak old man. Good night, my son, I will go home and think. I am like one who runs to save a child from a great peril and finds a man stronger than himself and braver; one who looks on death face to face and quails not. Good night, Dan, I will go home and pray."

And so he went his way, the man of God, in his weakness.

[The following excerpt may be given as a separate recitation, independently of what precedes it:]

A week later Dan was adjudged guilty of murder and brought to Tynwald Hill, in the centre of the island, to re-

ceive sentence from the judge of that court,—Bishop Mylrea, his own father. A full, clear voice was heard over the low murmur of the crowd, and instantly the mass of moving heads was lifted to the mount, and the sea of faces flashed white under the heaviness of the sky.

"Daniel Mylrea," said the bishop, "it is not for us to know if any hidden circumstance lessens the hideousness of your crime. Against all questions concerning your motive, your lips have been sealed, and we who are your earthly judges are compelled to take you at the worst. But if, in the fulness of your remorse, your silence conceals what would soften your great offense, be sure that your Heavenly Judge, who reads your heart, sees all. You have taken a precious life; you have spilled the blood of one who bore himself so meekly and lovingly and with such charity before the world that the hearts of all men were drawn to him; and you, who slew him in heat or malice, you he ever loved with a great tenderness. Your guilt is confessed, your crime is black, and now your punishment is sure."

The crowd held its breath while the bishop spoke, but the guilty man moaned feebly and his bowed head swayed to and fro.

"Daniel Mylrea, there is an everlasting sacredness in human life, and God who gave it guards it jealously. Woe unto us if now we sin against the Lord by falling short of the punishment that He has ordered. Righteously and without qualm of human mercy, even as God has commanded, we, His servants, must execute judgment on the evil-doer."

The bishop paused. There was a dreadful silence, and the distant sea sent up into the still air, under the low clouds that reverberated like a vault, a hoarse, threatening murmur.

"Daniel Mylrea, you are not to die for your crime. You have chosen death rather than life, but on this side of death's darkness you have yet, by God's awful will, to become a terror to yourself. Toilfully you have to live in a waste land, alone, where the sweet light of morning shall bring you pain, and the darkness of night have eyes to peer into your soul; and as on and on from year to weary year, until your step

shall fail and there shall be never another to help you up,—hopeless, accursed, finding death in life, and crying, in the bitterness of your desolation, 'Cursed be the day wherein I was born.'"

One hoarse cry as of physical pain burst from the prisoner before these awful words were yet fully uttered. There was silence for a moment, and the terrified people were grasping each other's hands, and their hard-drawn breath went through the air like the hiss of the sea at its ebb.

"Daniel Mylrea," said the bishop again, and, notwithstanding his efforts to uphold it, his voice softened and all but broke, "when your fetters are removed, and you leave this place, you will go to the extreme south of the island. There you will find your fishing-boat, stored with such as may meet your immediate wants. With that offering, we part from you while life shall last. Use it well, but henceforward look for no succor whence it has come."

The prisoner gave no further sign. Then the bishop turned with a wild gesture to the right and to the left and lifted both his hands.

"Men and women of Man," he said, in a voice that rose to the shrillness of a cry, "the sentence of the court is that this man shall be cut off from his people. Henceforth, let him have no name among us, nor family, nor kin. From now forever let no flesh touch his flesh. Let no tongue speak to him. Let no eye look on him. If he should be an hungered, let none give him meat. When he shall be sick, let none minister to him. When his death shall come, let no man bury him. Alone let him live, alone let him die, and among the beasts of the field let him hide his unburied bones."

A great hoarse groan arose from the people, such as comes from the bosom of a sullen sea. They looked up at the mount, and the gaunt figure standing there above the vast multitude of moving heads seemed to be something beyond nature.

The sergeant removed the fetters from the prisoner's hands and feet, and turned him about with his face toward the south. Not at first did the man seem to realize that he was no longer

a prisoner but an outcast, and free to go whither he would, save where other men might be. Then, recovering consciousness, he moved a pace or two forward, and instantly the crowd opened for him and a long wide way was made through the dense mass, and he walked through it slow, yet strong of step, with head bent and eyes that looked into the eyes of no man. Thus he passed away from the Tynwald. The man was accursed, and none might look upon him with pity; but there were eyes that grew dim at that sight.

At the next moment all eyes were turned back to the mount. There the bishop, a priest of God no longer, but only a poor human father now, had fallen to his knees, and lifted his two trembling arms. Then the pent-up anguish of the wretched heart that had steeled itself to a mighty sacrifice of duty burst forth in a prayer of great agony.

'Oh, Father in heaven, it is not for him who draws the sword of the Lord's vengeance among men to cry for mercy, but rather to smite and spare not, yea, though his own flesh be smitten; but, oh, Thou that fillest heaven and earth, look with pity on the secret place of the heart of Thy servant and hear his cry. I am but a feeble, broken, desolate old man. Thou knowest my weakness, and how for a period my soul failed me, and how my earthly affections conquered my heavenly office. If through the trial of this day Thou hast been strength of my strength, woe is me now, aged and full of days, feeble of body and weak of faith, that Thou has brought this heavy judgment upon me. Have mercy and forgive if we weep for him who goeth away and shall return no more, nor see his home and kindred. Follow him with Thy Spirit, touch him with Thy finger of fire, pour upon him the healing of Thy grace, so that after death's great asundering, when all shall stand for one judgment, it may not be said of Thy servant, 'Write ye this old man childless.' ''

It was the cry of a great shattered soul, and the terrified people dropped to their knees.

THE GIPSY BRIDE.

EMMA DUNNING BANKS.

"A GIPSY! Low-born gipsy!"
Ah! how that word was sneered!
From my poor brain down flashing,
Through all my heart it seared.
"A gipsy! Low-born gipsy!"
Memory! keep thou the scorn
Embittering those words to her
For whom I am foresworn.

Did I then seek his favor?
Ah, no! He came to me!
Came to the gipsy's campment
Beneath the greenwood tree.
Yes, others followed after,
But I saw only him,
And felt a strange wild rapture
Thrill through me,—heart and limb.

With laugh and gesture, cried he:
"My fortune? Here's my hand."
"Anita, speak his future!"
Came swift my sire's command.
With strange unwonted shyness
I glided forth. In shame
His hand I sought, to read it!
A warm, wild, trembling flame

Shot swift from brain to heart-beat—
Almost it stopped my breath!
And then—I know I trembled
As one struck chill with death.
Gitana blood warms quickly.
Mine in great waves of rose
From brow to nut-brown shoulder
Swept swift as torrent flows.

I told his fortune glibly.
The usual jargon rolled
From off my tongue; then he
My brown palm crossed with gold.
Some subtle power compelled me
To shyly seek his eyes;
And when I did, twin love-stars
Shone down in glad surprise.

What need to tell it over?
On love's sweet murmuring tide
That golden hearted summer
We floated side by side.
He taught me his religion,
He taught me how to pray;
His creed I learned—his prayer—
I knew no other way.

And now he thinks to spurn me—
No! By the Christian's God
He shall not! That fair maiden
Shall sleep beneath the sod
Ere his false arms enfold her.
My love has turned to hate.
Revenge, spring all thy furies!
Revenge, stay not too late!

My curse upon his falseness!
May smoke from Hades cloud
All joys before they brighten!
May he with shame be bowed!
May all he loves die early;
The bride he wins prove false!
My heart! 'tis she that's coming!
I'll sing the gipsy's waltz.

[*Song. Air:* "*Buy a Broom.*"]

Oh, a merry, merry gipsy am I, am I!
My tambourina ringing, a gipsy am I!

I laugh ! Ha-ha ! I kneel—I cry !
  Revenge for the gipsy ! Pray quick, ere you die !

My shining blade gleamed o'er her.
  In terror 'neath my gaze
Her fair white body quivered,
  And then—a dumb amaze
Possessed my very being;
  I felt her soul touch mine !
A mystic voice within cried:
  "Hold ! Vengeance is divine !

"Thy God alone can send it.
  Look closely at this girl."
I looked ! In fierce, wild horror,
  With mad brain all awhirl,
I seized her face and held it.
  Ah, me ! Each feature grew
So like to his ! I shuddered !
  She was his kin, I knew.

"Girl ! Girl !" I cried, "who are you?
  Why look you like to him?"
"I am Lord Elwyn's sister."
  I felt my sight grow dim,
Ere I could faint she caught me.
  "Lord Elwyn, quick," she cried.
His voice rang out: "Anita,
  You are my chosen bride !

My voice is like my brother's.
  Those sneering words he said
When I declared my gipsy
  Before the world I'd wed."
I drooped down low before him.
  "I sought to kill your kin."
"Your brain was crazed, Anita,
  God will forgive your sin."

There in that dim old forest,
  Beneath the grand old trees,
With sobbing prayer and heart moan
  I fell upon my knees.
I left my sin behind me,
  I prayed my curses back,
And made my past a lesson
  To guide my future track.

When I arose, a glory
  Filled all the land and sky,
And then I knew that only
  Peace cometh from on high.
From out that forest olden,
  My lover at my side,
I passed, and soon the gipsy
  Will be Lord Elwyn's bride.

OLD BENEDICT ARNOLD.

PAULINE PHELPS.

HE paused for a moment in the doorway, shading his eyes with his hand as he peered down the meadow road. Against the background of flickering candle-light, the bent figure and wrinkled face stood out in strong relief.

"What time is't, Nancy?" he asked, turning toward the living-room.

"Nigh half after seven now."

"Hey?"

Old Ben Arnold was very deaf.

"I say it's goin' on to half-past seven. Post-rider's more'n two hours late to-night."

"Well, well, what if he be? They needn't all act so scairt about it. If it's good news we c'n afford to wait; 'n' if it's bad, 'twill reach us soon enough. You needn't fret. We ain't doin' much ag'in them red-coats now, but jes' mark

my words, when Ben Arnold takes the field ag'in there'll be a change."

The old man made his way out upon the green, walking firmly, despite his many years, and took his seat among the others there.

It was the twilight of an October evening. The mist had begun to rise, and lay like a thick white blanket on the river that flowed to the east of the little country town, and the bare trees and fences that bounded the meadow land showed dimly, as through a veil, But in the street itself the air was clear. The low, sloping-roofed houses on the right, the narrow, sandy road, and even the faces of the assembled patriots could still plainly be seen. Old Benedict Arnold was able to catch only a word here and there of the conversation, but he watched the movements of their lips with wistful eagerness.

"Any signs o' him yit, Peter?" tremulously asked a little weazened man with a comforter tied about his head, addressing a lad perched in the branches of a tree some yards distant.

"I don't see none."

The little man shook his head.

"He hain't never be'n so late but once before, 'n' then 'twuz to bring us news o' the battle o' Long Island. I mistrust the Lord has ag'in turned His face from us because o' our transgressions."

There was an uneasy stir among the crowd.

"Hush yer croakin', John Simonson," cried Deacon Slocum, who was a godly man and much respected by them all. "Troubles come soon enough in these times, 'n' hard enough, without our goin' out of the way to look for 'em. As long as we've men on our side like Washington 'n' Green 'n' Morgan 'n' Stark——"

"'N' Ben Arnold. Gran'-nefy on his father's side, Ben Arnold is, 'n' got my name into the bargain," interrupted the voice of the old tavern-keeper at his elbow.

"Yes 'n' Ben Arnold. He ain't the least of 'em, if he was brought up not twenty mile from here. As long as we've got men like them to fight for us, I say I shan't be-

lieve but what the Almighty'll keep on our side for a spell longer."

Then there was a pause for a time, as they watched the last red streaks fade out of the west, and the white mist creep slowly up from the river. It was the old tavern-keeper who broke the silence. He spoke cheerily, and with one hand held trumpet-fashion about his ear to catch the response.

"We hain't no call to feel anxious 'cause the post-rider chances to be a little late; it's jes' as apt to be good news as bad. Remember that night back ther' in '77, when we set here watchin' 'n' most ready to lose heart, 'n' Zeke Simons come racin' his hoss through the street 'n' yellin' out 'bout Ben Arnold 'n' Saratogy? Lord, sech a time! But it didn't s'prise me any. He ain't afeerd o' nothin', thet boy ain't! Never wuz, from the time he could talk."

The ring of youth was in the old man's voice. He turned proudly toward the deacon.

"Jes' like a tiger, Ben Arnold is, under fire. They'd ha' lost the battle if it hadn't be'n fur him ther' in Saratogy. I've hearn 'em tell it a thousan' times. 'The chances is even,' says the messenger, coming up to where Gates set in his camp. 'Then, by the Lord I'll decide it,' says Ben Arnold. Jumped his hoss over the fence an' went dashin' down the road like a hurricane, with all o' em a-shoutin' arter him, 'Hold on! Come back! Ye hain't got no orders.' 'Orders be hanged,' says he, a-keepin' on. Rushed right into the battle-field, jes' as his men was losin' heart—rushed right up to the head of 'em, the bullets flying' 'round like hailstones. 'Come along, boys! We'll drive 'em back!' says Arnold. Spurred his hoss up the hill a-shoutin' like a crazy man, 'n' all his men a-cheerin' 'n' follerin' arter. 'Ye can't do it! They'll cut ye down!' says the other captains. 'Come along, boys! We'll give 'em fits before they do,' says Ben Arnold. Went dashin' right into the enemy's lines, his reg'ment follerin' close behind, 'n' the British breakin' 'n' runnin' like a mess o' sheep before the dogs. 'Give it to 'em, boys! Fight fur yer country 'n' yer wives!' says Arnold—'n' then the bullet come 'n' struck him down."

"Not till the battle was won, God be thanked!" cried the deacon. "But his wound has been a wearisome one for him."

"He'll be takin' to the field ag'in pretty soon, ye needn't fret; his country's needin' him, 'n' he ain't one to hang back, whether his leg's well or not—no more'n I ever wuz. It sort o' runs in the Arnold blood."

"Knew he'd git thet in pretty soon," muttered the little man with the comforter, moving uneasily upon the settle. "Ye'd think he wuz in his second childhood the way he harps on't. Grand-nefy once removed ain't very near to boast of, when all's said 'n' done."

"Hey? What's thet?"

Ben Arnold turned quickly, his hand still encircling his ear. There was an old rivalry between the two.

"I say grand-nefy once removed ain't near enough relation fur ye to be worryin' about. 'Tain't like me, with childern 'n' grandchildern in the war."

"Allers bringin' thet up—allers! S'pose ye think it plagues me! S'pose ye think I'm growin' thin now 'cause ye got Sal Perkins away from me fifty year ago, 'n' them childern 'n' grandchildern ain't mine. I c'n tell ye one thing, ther' ain't never a man thet's hed the Arnold name thet hain't hed the Arnold temper 'n' the Arnold blood along with it, 'n' ud rather be shot than git caught in an underhand trick sech as ye played on me."

"'Twan't no underhand trick thet got Sal Perkins—'twas the Lord's jedgment, knowin' ye wan't fit to bring up a fam'ly o' childern. Talk about the Arnold blood if it gives ye any satisfaction—yer name's run out in town, like a green bay-tree! Ye'r' the last one left, 'n' ye—"

He stopped suddenly.

"Hey? What's thet?" queried the tavern-keeper, testily. "Losin' yer voice, ain't ye? Why don't ye speak out, so's a body c'n hear?"

The little old man had risen, and was pointing with a skinny finger toward a luminous spot visible through the fog to the westward.

"What's thet light burnin' over theer fur?" he asked.

There was a startled exclamation from the other patriots. They pressed forward, staring with eager eyes. The light grew brighter as they gazed.

"It's a bonfire!"

"A danger-signal!"

Instinctively the deacon pressed his hand to his side, where in younger days he had been wont to carry his sword.

"No, it burns too steady for that."

A deep voice spoke up from the crowd: "Post-rider stops ther' an hour before he's due this side. Pray God it's the news o' a battle 'n' a grand vict'ry!"

"Amen!" assented a chorus of patriot voices.

As they listened, the sound of a horn, faint, far-off, broke in upon the stillness. The boy in the tree swung his hat wildly.

"Post-rider! Post-rider! I heerd him strike the bridge! I heerd the horn—"

"Hark!" cried the deacon.

The thud, thud, of a galloping horse came now to their straining ears. Then the horn again. Some of the patriots repeated the signals in whispers to themselves. "One blow, no news! Two blows, bad news—" They hushed their breathing to catch the third, but it did not come.

"May the Lord give us strength in this our hour of need," prayed the deacon, brokenly.

A dark shapeless thing was moving toward them out of the mist. One of the men, who had been a sailor in his youth, put his hands to his mouth and shouted:

"What ho, post-rider! What is't?"

Back from the gloom came the words that were destined to echo forever through the annals of time:

"Benedict—Arnold's—turned—traitor!"

He was half way up the hill before they shouted again.

"What Benedict Arnold? We don't know who you mean! We know of none save the patriot from New Haven town, 'n' it can't be him."

The post-rider did not answer until he had urged his horse

over the green, and stood dismounted, with his hand across the saddle. Then he turned a stern face toward them.

"'Tis Ben Arnold from New Haven town," he said. "The blackest traitor this world ever knew."

They built a great fire round a half-dead tree on the green, where he had rested on that day when he had proven himself the grandest hero of them all at Danbury, and which they had reverenced ever after for his sake; and to a rotten limb that swayed and groaned with every passing breeze, they hung him in effigy. The figure, clad in the Continental uniform, which he had dishonored, writhed like a human thing in the blaze, and they watched it with stern, unpitying eyes, as if it had been the man himself.

"So perish all enemies to their country and to God. So perish Arnold the traitor!"

The fire was at its brightest when the old tavern-keeper made his way across the green, staggering under the weight of a heavy table.

"Lend a hand here, boys," he cried. "Here's the table the traitor set at when he feasted at my house, an' I would I'd stabbed him with my own hands as he set there. Split it to kindlin'-wood and throw it in! 'Twill make the fire burn brighter."

"But 'tis a good table," remonstrated a woman in the group.

He turned toward her sternly.

"There'd be a curse upon it if I kep' it, an' the fire's the fittest place. Help me out with this, patriots! Let us burn the chairs he set on, an' the bed wherein he lay, an' everything his traitor hands have touched. Go to yer houses an' bring 'em out, an' them that hasn't any duds of their own help me down the hill with mine. Let us make way with all that can call him to mind in this town—that'll never know so deep a disgrace as thet it's be'n proud o' him. Help me out with it, I say. It's late at night, but we can work fur thet."

His words were infectious. A half-dozen sturdy patriots made their way up the hill by his side, while others hurried

up the street. One by one they brought their cherished treasures back: The bed he had slept on when he had visited there as a boy, the blanket he had wrapped about him, the old blue plate the deacon's wife had kept upon the topmost shelf for years because once he had eaten from it,—and threw them into the blaze. The flames rose higher. The tree crackled and tottered in the heat.

Last of all, old Benedict Arnold came down the hill again, bearing in his arms a splint-bottomed chair. A hush fell upon the little group as they saw it. One of the women, with vivid remembrance of that other day, began to cry, and a rough-looking man attempted some awkward remonstrance.

"He wan't a traitor then! We thought as 'twas the proudest day o' our lives when he stopped here then—'n' he said my Jimmy died like a hero. I don't see the use o' throwin' thet in."

The old tavern-keeper advanced close to the blaze and stopped, with a chair in his hand. His face was ghastly in the flickering firelight, his gray hair blew about in the breeze, but his stern voice never faltered.

"Ye all know what this is, I reckon," he said. "Ye all rec'lect thet day when he stopped to the tavern on his way back from Saratogy, 'n' rested his hurt leg on this, as we crowded round to talk to him. Ther' wan't one among ye thet wouldn't ha' said to yer sons then, 'Foller in Ben Arnold's footsteps 'n' the Lord'll watch over ye.' Ther' ain't one among ye thet wouldn't sooner see yer sons a-lyin' dead to-day than to do what he's done. Fur the sake o' the hero thet fought at Saratogy 'n' Danbury I've saved it—'n' fur the sake o' the traitor thet's deservin' the Lord's deepest curse I'll burn it."

He stepped back among them and watched the bright flames as they licked the chair and leaped over it; the other patriots gazed at him pityingly.

"'Tis a sad day for old Ben Arnold this."

"You speak truly, neighbor. A sad day for all of us, an' him most of all. Look! Look there!"

Of a sudden the old man had taken a step forward. His

face changed, terribly! He raised his hand and pointed it at the swaying figure.

"Do the flames burn ye, Ben Arnold? Do you remember Saratogy as ye swing ther'; do ye remember how we come out to meet ye, 'n' took the hosses from the coach 'n' dragged ye up the hill! Hed we known the depth o' villainy in yer heart, we'd ha' let go our hold then, 'n' dashed ye to pieces ag'in the rocks! Think o' it—think o' it when ye are a-swingin' ther'—the old name ye've disgraced, the ruin ye've put upon yer country."

The limb swayed and cracked. Deacon Slocum started toward him, but the old man waved him away.

"Stan' back! It's my flesh 'n' blood a-hangin' ther'," he cried, "'n' may the curse o' the Almighty rest upon him till the uttermost limits of time!"

The chair flamed in the blaze. The old man watched it with eager eyes.

"So perish all that belongs to him!" he cried. "So perish the last of the Arnold race?"

A dozen hands were outstretched to hold him, a dozen voices shouted in warning as he sprang nearer the fire. He turned. For an instant they saw him plainly—his white hair falling about his face, the light of madness in his eyes, the smile of madness on his lips. Then the branch fell and smote him down.

After the silence of that first awestricken moment, some of the women broke into wild sobs; but the deacon hushed them sternly.

"'Tis the Lord's will," he said.

"A curse upon the traitor's blood from now till the end of time."

And the old moss-covered stone above the sunken grave reads simply,

"Benedict Arnold.
Born 1700.
Died 1780.

He being the last of the Arnold name in this town."

THE DEATH OF POE'S WIFE.

J. MOUNT BLEYER, M.D.

From an Unpublished One-Act Play.

CHARACTERS: { EDGAR ALLAN POE. / VIRGINIA, his wife.

SCENE: A poorly furnished room. Sofa at right, small table littered with manuscripts at left centre. VIRGINIA discovered asleep upon sofa. POE enters, tiptoes up to her and stands looking down upon her with an expression of deep melancholy.

POE. She's still asleep—worn out for want of rest.
My sweet Virginia! My poor flower! Sleep on!
Gain one hour more from thy tormentor, Pain,
One hour of peace. Oh, Heav'n! how soon must an
Eternal peace close on thine eyes—when all—
Yes, all—my loneliness, my grief,
Shall draw no answer from those pallid lips,
Shall have no power—no power—to move thy love,
Or call from muteness the once quick response.
In life few men have known such love as I,
And few, thank heav'n, such despair. To love!
Yes, 'tis to suffer, too—to suffer doubly—
To bear one's own life's woes and bear, besides,
Each pang that pierces to the loved one's heart.
[VIRGINIA *starts up for a second, coughs; then drops back again to sleep.*]
That cough! It racks her frame not more than mine.
Precursor of her end, it saps my life
With hers, claims anguish with each moment lent,
Denies each care, and stifles every hope.
Astronomers would say my fate was ruled
By stars malignant in their influence.

And what if they were right? If Saturn, worst
Of evil augury—Bah! and what then?
I speak of stars—and life is accident.
I have a brain—and well? Why, others have
The same—and yet there's something more
That they have not. Genius, genius is mine.
I feel it here. Even in youth I shunned,
Hated their mean conventionalities,
Their spirits poor, their meagre thoughts, their aims
An ounce of lucre or a stretch of sand
Could buy. The spirit pure of poetry
Dwelt in my soul and mastered every thought—
My aims, my hopes, my life, my passions, all
Were sacred to the beautiful—and so
I let their meaner fortune, poor, despis'd,
Pass by me—Good! And my reward for all?
Death jeering at my wife—and for myself—
Why, here's my daily banquet [*holds up opium*] food, and brain,
And happiness in one. [*Laughs bitterly; pours out opium.*]
Come, happiness,
The poet needs thee—thou'rt his lyre, it seems,—
I tried to-day without thee, friend, to-day. [*Takes opium.*]
I tried to write this morning, and I failed.
I'll try again. Opium is my truer friend.
She'll lend me now what nature's self denies.
'Tis strange how different brains find different ends.
The fool, with smallest stock of wisdom, tricked
In still some new disguise, will play the pedant,
Exhibit little, promise much of more;
Gain fortune, friends, name, happiness itself,
With egotism crowned,—his stock in trade.
And I—who know my power—far, far beyond
The reach of others—I—I live in want.
Oh, heav'n! not even bread repays my toil—not bread
Secured by all—oh, this is bitt'rest yet!
I have no power to cater to this later art,
That pans out writings at so much a pound;

The genius born within me with disdain
Revolts at such a sale—the devil's boy
Who works at copy is a prince by me;
And I, with all my fancied power, a slave.
No, no! The charm within me works! A thought!
I'll write once more—One hour, O Heav'n, but grant
Me that! I'll write. 'Tis my Virginia spurs
Me on. For her sake, yes! The power has come—
My blood's on fire—Heav'n! A molten lava
Courses through my veins! The muse once more
Inspires me. Poe, not all is lost. The poet
Is himself again. Seize on this hour,
And die when it is past.

[*Looks fixedly before him for a moment, then begins to compose aloud.*]

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore;
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door,—
Only this and nothing more."

[*Sits for a moment in an attitude of rapt thought, then goes to table.*]

I'll write it while it's clear to me, or all
Too late, I may bemoan my sesame
To fame. It is my best: The kernel of
The nut—the marriage of the heart and brain.
So! Now to put it down—not one word changed! [*Writes.*]

VIRGINIA [*awaking*]. My Edgar, are you there?

[POE *does not hear her.* VIRGINIA *sits up slightly and looks at him.*]

He's writing. So!
I will not interrupt him. [*Sinks back on couch.*] Dear, write on.

POE [*writing*]. Ah, only poets know such hours as these.
Heav'n! for this gift I'd suffer all my pain—
Ay, all—nor drop a feather in the balance.
Mine, mine, it lifts me past all other men—
My joys past theirs; my sorrows, too, in depth
Surpassing—all, all beyond the spirit
Ordinary. It is the gift of gods
That lifts the mortal to a throne above—
And such is mine—aye, let me read its fruits. [*Walks to front of stage, and reads.*]

"Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
From the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore,
Nameless here forevermore." [*Pauses.*]

VIRGINIA. This sudden weight, this fear that seizes me,—
Oh, can this strange feeling, then, be death?
Edgar! Quick! quick! I fear I'm dying. Oh!

[POE *not hearing her, sits down again at the table and commences to write.*]

POE [*writes and reads*]. "And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me—with fantastic terrors never felt before." [*Pauses thoughtfully.*]

VIRGINIA. He does not hear me! Edgar! Edgar, come!
My husband, listen! Oh, I can bear this
No longer; I will go to him myself. [*Rises feebly, and staggers toward him.*]

POE [*continues writing*]. "So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
This it is, and nothing more."

VIRGINIA [*placing her hand upon his shoulder*]. Edgar, speak to me! O Heav'n, I'm dying!

[*Falls to the floor.* POE, *aroused by her words from the ecstasy into which the opium has plunged him, rushes to her and kneels by her side, clasping her hands.*]

POE. Dying!
My wife! my own Virginia! speak to me!
Oh, Death, let this hour pass or take my life
With hers. Virginia, speak. Sweet, sweet wife, speak!

VIRGINIA [*rousing herself*]. My husband, promise me that you'll not mourn
Too much. Take courage. Live! Oh, live on for
My sake! If 'tis permitted to me, love,
I'll watch o'er you each hour, each moment, of
Your life—Kiss me once, my husband! Oh! [*Dies.*]

POE [*throws himself upon the couch in an agony of grief.*] Now may the worm hurl curses on thee, life,
Defy thy rage and mock thy ranc'rous hate;
Hurl what thou canst on this devoted head!
To him thou'rt impotent whose cup is full.
My wife! my wife? Virginia! Oh, my wife!
[*Buries his face in his hands.*]

MY LITTLE NEWSBOY.

ADA M. MELVILLE.

[By permission of the *Union Signal* and of the author.]

"OH, please, sir, do buy a paper! Please do!"

The speaker had followed a gentleman up two or three steps, in his eagerness to make a sale, but with no result except to have the door bang noisily in his face. As he turned away and came slowly down the steps, I thought I had never seen such a forlorn-looking baby before. He

could not have been more than six or seven. His clothes were a mass of tatters, and I could see the tender skin through many a gaping hole. His face was blue and pinched, but the merry brown eyes held a light of undaunted pluck, and twinkled roguishly at me as he raised his thin, baby voice, and cried out:

"Mornin' papers! Here's the mornin' papers! All 'bout the war. 'Rah for Fitzhugh Lee!"

This last outburst, accompanied by a frantic wave of a ragged old handkerchief, gained him a customer, but checking my impulse to speak with him, I went on.

For several mornings I watched closely for my little newsboy, and as each day passed without my seeing him, I regretted not having spoken to him before.

One evening as I was hurrying to catch the train for home, a sob coming from a dark angle in a building brought me to a sudden stop. There stood a child whom I recognized as the same one in whom I had been before interested.

"What is the matter, little man?" I asked.

He worked his grimy fists into his eyes for a moment, and answered woefully:

"They took all my pennies!"

"They did? Well, that was naughty of them. Who took them, dear, and how many had you?"

"I had twenty. It was them big *Pi'neer Press* boys wot took them, and now mammy can't have no supper!"

"If I give you twenty pennies more, will it be all right?"

"'S'm'—if they don't take 'em agin!"

"No, they shall not take them again. See, there's a big policeman over there. We'll go and tell him all about it."

Taking the cold, trembling, little hand in mine, we went over to the policeman. I stated the facts briefly, and the burly protector of the peace lifted the boy in his arms.

"Well, I declare, if it isn't Charlie! Why didn't you come to me when the big boys robbed you? Don't cry, old chap. You're a man of business, you know, and business men never cry. You see, ma'am," he said to me, still holding the child, "his mother's been sick awhile, and this chap

has sold papers like a good one and kept the bread in their mouths. We're old friends, ain't we, Charlie? You and I have been on the same beat a long time."

I had just time to make my train, so putting the promised pennies into Charlie's hand, I hurried away.

The next day I found out from the policeman where my protégé lived. Finding the house, I was directed to a basement door, at which I knocked, a woman's voice calling to me faintly to come in. The only furnishing of the place was the miserable bed on which she lay, too ill to raise her head as I entered the room.

"I have become acquainted with your little son Charlie," I said, "and have come to—"

"Is he hurt? Oh, miss, don't tell me he's hurt!"

"No, no, he is not hurt. I have only come because he told me you are ill."

"I am glad my boy has a friend," the woman answered slowly, with evident pain. "He'll need one soon. He's a good boy, but oh, miss! he's too young to go on the streets. What could I do? He's all I've got, and I'm all he's got. I've been lying here for six weeks, and that little fellow has earned enough to buy what food we needed and pay the rent. I haven't wanted much myself, but he ought to have good food. He's growing fast, and—he's so little!"

As she said these last words, her face grew whiter than it had been even, and in her struggle to breathe, she fainted. While I was chafing her cold hands, the door was pushed open, and in clattered Charlie. He nodded in half surprise to me, and then pushed past me to his mother.

"Charlie, dear—"

The faint voice stopped, the tired head fell a little to one side, and I saw the rest and peace of death steal over the worn features. Her little son, unaccustomed to this strange, cold visitant, stroked her white face, as if she were the baby, and he the strong, loving protector.

"I'm rich now, mammy! See all my pennies! I sold all my papers to-day, and one man he gave me fifty cents and wouldn't take no change. Mammy, won't you look at all

the money? *Now* you'll get well! Mammy dear! Mammy?"

I knelt down there beside them, putting my arms around the child who did not know he was talking to ears forever closed to his voice.

"Charlie, darling, your mamma can not hear you. God has taken her away to another home—a better one. She will never be hungry and sick again."

To my dying day I shall not forget the look in those brown eyes, as they tried to read in my face the meaning of what I had said.

"Do you understand me, my child? Mamma has been sick a long while, you know, but she can never be sick again. She can not hear you, little Charlie. No, child, she can not kiss you. Charlie, your mother is dead."

He answered me never a word. Once more I tried to take him in my arms, but he wrenched himself away, and falling prone on the floor, sobbed out:

"Oh, mammy, mammy! I want my mammy! Oh, mammy, mammy!"

* * * * * *

The wasted form of the mother was clad simply and cleanly. Her face was very sweet and peaceful. Charlie had been cared for, too, but he took no notice of his neat clothes or of the clean room. He slept but little through the night, and when he did, tossed restlessly from side to side, crying ever the dear, dear name, "Mammy! Mammy!"

When in the morning it dawned upon him that his mother would not only never speak to him again, nor hear his voice, but that in a few hours he should never *see* her again, his cup of grief was full, and the bitterest cry of all went out from those baby lips. His sorrow was not like a child's. It went deeper than tears, and he sat with white face and closed lips, never looking away from the precious form.

My fellow-watcher and I sat talking quietly, a little removed from where the coffin stood. Charlie had drawn a

chair beside it and climbed upon it, so that he could still see his mother's face. We did not forbid him; how could we?

My companion suddenly touched my arm and pointed across the room. The sight was so pitiful we turned away and wept.

Yearning for the loving embrace that had so often comforted him, wearied out with grief, he had clambered into the coffin, and there had fallen asleep, his cheek touching hers, one brown hand hidden about her neck, the other clasping her cold, cold finger.

The hour for the funeral drew near. A few neighbors straggled in, and the most hardened were moved by the touching sight before them. At last the minister, whom we had called in, stooped down to lift the child in his arms. He paused, looked long and earnestly at the sleeper, and then a quick exclamation passed his lips.

"Oh, what is it?" said someone.

He tried to unclasp the clinging hands, but they resisted his efforts. The minister bent closer still. His fingers were on the wee pulse, his hand upon the baby heart. Once more he tried to remove the sleeper, but the brown eyes opened and looked into his with an appeal he could not withstand. Then the white lids dropped wearily. The baby-face turned a little nearer to the mother-breast, and the child sobbed faintly, "Mammy."

Was that a smile on his face? Yes, a smile. Once again the brown eyes opened, but this time they were glowing and shining with a great, beautiful surprise. He stretched out both arms, as if somewhere beyond our vision, other arms were outstretched to him.

"Oh, mammy! my mammy! *I see you!*" he cried out, joyously.

Then the eager arms dropped, the curly head nestled down on the mother-breast, and all was still. Charlie had gone home.

THE MANIAC.

CHARLES GOULD BEEDE.

HA-HA, ha-ha! what do I care
For thee, thou the demon of the air!
I'll kill thee once again. Beware!
What is that sound above my head?
What, rain? Oh, no, the drops are red;
They're on the floor, the walls, my bed!
O God, but will it never stop?
That drop, drop, drop, drop, drop!

That night, my sweet, that I killed you,
It was because God told me to.
I loved you, but what could I do?
Blame him! They say that I'm insane;
They say that sound is just the rain;
But listen, there it is again!
Blood! God, but will it never stop,
That drop, drop, drop, drop, drop!

The moon was shining on the hill,
The night was soft and sweet and still;
But something whispered "Kill, kill, kill!"
She lay there sleeping like a child;
I killed her lest she be defiled,
Though dead, she lay there still and smiled
At me. But will it never stop,
That drop, drop, drop, drop, drop!

Where is my sword? I would go forth.
Know ye me not? A king by birth,
A god am I; I rule the earth.
Approach, I greet thee. That is well!
Come hither, friend! I pray thee tell
Me what is that;—that sound of hell?
O God! but will it never stop,—
That drop, drop, drop, drop, drop!

You are my keeper? What? Then die!
I own no keeper; no, not I!
Gods what a baby! Hear him cry,
"Have mercy!" No, no, not on thee;
Thou art the fiend that tempted me
To murder and to infamy!
Thy blood and mine the sound shall stop,
That drop, drop, drop, drop, drop!

My wife, my Alice!—coming, dear!
As life recedes and death draws near,
My brain. my worn-out brain, grows clear.
Stoop lower. Put thy arms beneath
This weary body. Is this death?
Was it thy tears? With my last breath
I thank thee, Lord. No, do not stop
Love's drop, drop, drop, drop, drop!

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

IN '67 Jake Poole was staging the route from Gallatin to Helena, in Montana, driving a four-horse coach in summer and a "jerky" in winter, seventy miles a day through the wildest region, and over one of the most dangerous routes in the United States.

One muggy morning in early May, as Poole hauled up in front of the stage-office and prepared to receive mails, express and messengers, and passengers, the Wells Fargo agent called to him. Throwing the reins over the foot-brake, Poole descended from his perch and entered the office. The agent shut the door behind him; then drawing near he said, in a half-whisper:

There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe, to take over to-day."

"All right!" responded Jake. "I've carried more before now and carried it safely."

"But," said the agent, drawing nearer, "Dick's sick and there's no messenger."

"Ah!" said the driver, meditatively; then, touching the revolvers which hung at his belt: "I'll be messenger and coachman both then."

"But," still continued the other, "there's one thing more," and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear. "Copper Tom and his pal, old Jim, are on the road. A man from Cross Trees was robbed by them last night."

Poole whistled long and low, and his hand fell from his pistol butt. "Copper Tom" was the worst road-agent in Montana,—a desperado with both courage and brains.

"Don't send the rags."

"I must!" said the expressman, anxiously. "The order is peremtory; the money must go to-day, messenger or no messenger. Now, will you take it and carry it through?"

Jake laughed.

"I'll take it; that's part of my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol, I may want two," and he took the other's revolver from the desk where it lay and thrust it into his boot-top. "As to carrying it through, that's another matter, with those fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this,—if I go through, the safe shall!"

The agent grasped his hand and shook it warmly. The door was thrown open, the driver mounted his seat, the iron box was stowed beneath his feet, the single passenger (an old woman, to be left at the first station) got in, the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the coach lurched heavily forward and disappeared amid a shower of mud.

Although it was May, the morning was cold, and it was not until the sun had climbed well up the eastern sky that the chill thawed out of the air, and by that hour Poole was more than twenty miles upon his journey, with fresh horses in their traces, and an empty coach behind him. He began to brighten with the sun.

"After I get through the Devil's Pass," said he, to himself, "Copper Tom or any other man may whistle for me, for from that to Dickson's is as handsome a road as ever a

horse struck foot upon, and whoever tries to stop me there, unless he shoots first, will go under the leader's feet. I intend to make that little seven miles in just twenty-eight minutes without brakes."

He gathered his reins with a firmer hand, as if already whirling at that mad pace down the mountain-side.

"Let's see," he continued, "if nothing goes wrong and the road's all right, I ought to make my last change by five o'clock and reach the Pass before six. I'll strike Dick's before seven certain. Beyond that the road is too open and too much traveled into Helena to be dangerous. By Jove," he concluded, his heart warming as he struck his heel against the safe beneath the seat, "I don't see where the agents can stop me unless—good heavens! what if they try it in the very Pass itself? I had not thought of that!"

The man was silent for a moment and his face grave; then, brightening, he shook his reins, loosened his revolvers in boot and belt, and concluded his soliloquy with the remark:

"Well, if they meet me in the Pass, 'twill be about an even thing. If they miss their first shot, I'll run 'em down, drive 'em into the canyon, or drop 'em with my pistols. If they don't miss, why then the swag's theirs!"

It was now high noon and soon station two was reached, where horses were again changed and where Poole dined upon jerked bear meat, hot bread, and black coffee. Strong food, but none too strong for the long ride yet before him.

As he mounted the box and prepared to depart, the keeper of the station slipped from his dugout and drew near.

"There's an old pard down the road a bit that'll want a ride. He war here 'bout two hours ago. He'll bear watchin'," and the rough frontiersman touched the pistol butt that protruded from his open shirt front to emphasize his warning.

Jake nodded.

"Thanks, Tom, I'll keep my eyes open. So long!"

The fresh steeds in harness sprang strongly forward, and the empty coach whirled away.

"It's old Jim, sure," said he to himself, as his trained eye

searched the road before him. "The old devil wants to ride so that he'll be on hand when Copper Tom turns up in the Pass. I see it all."

The teeth closed with a snap.

"Good," he continued, a moment later. "He shall ride."

Some five miles were passed, when, in the shadow of a pine that grew near the trail, Jake espied his prospective passenger prone upon the ground, apparently resting. As the coach drew near, the man rose slowly.

"Hullo, driver! Kin ye favor an old beggar with a lift? I'm too old to tramp as I used to, an' too poor to pay for a ride. Kin ye give me one?"

He stepped forward as he spoke. Poor he was, if tattered garments betoken poverty. Old he surely was, for the withered skin and scanty gray locks, the claw-like hands and sunken eyes could not well be disguised. Half in scorn and half in pity, yet fully awake to his danger, Jake drew rein and replied:

"Yes. Be lively; I'm behind time now. Where do you go?"

The old man answered, as he struggled to a seat at the driver's side: "Dickson's."

A touch of the whip and the horses were again upon a trot. Poole eyed his companion and almost unconsciously dropped his hand to his boot-top and loosened the revolver there.

"Cold day for May," said the newcomer, shivering. "This yer wind's sharp."

"Yes," responded the other, wondering where about his ragged clothes the scoundrel had concealed his weapons, "it is cold; but you'll find it warmer in the Pass."

"Sure?" said the old man, leering in Jake's face.

"Sure," responded that worthy, his blood chilling with the covert hint in the word, and he urged his horses to yet greater speed.

The grade was sharply descending now, and the road rocky and rough. A mile more and the Pass would be reached. The coach fairly swayed under its rapid motion. Old Jim

was forced to cling to the seat with both hands, in order to avoid being hurled to the ground. This was as Jake desired, and he smiled grimly as he noticed the other's action.

"Yer-a-drivin'-purty-fast!" screamed the gray-headed desperado, the words fairly jerked from him as the coach sprang forward, rocking from ride to side. "You'll-hev-to-hold-up-at-the-Pass-I-reckon!"

Jake set his teeth. The granite walls of the Pass were now just before them, and the roadway, descending and steep, ran into the shadow of the coming night and the gloom of the grave-like opening,—a narrow path, but little wider than the coach itself. The roar of the angry river below knelled a never-ending warning, as it ran, ragged and torn, among the jagged rocks, and the deathlike mist that crept up was deep and chill.

"I won't hold up!" and with these words the driver struck his horses sharply, and snorting, they sprang forward into the Devil's Pass. At the same instant, half way through the terrible gorge, standing motionless in the centre of the roadway, a beetling wall of rock upon one hand, a chasm of unknown depth upon the other, was seen a man. Copper Tom was awaiting his quarry. The old man at Poole's side uttered a cry, and loosening his grip of the seat with one hand, he would have thrust it into his breast; but the other leaned suddenly toward him, and pressing a revolver muzzle against his forehead, whispered hoarsely:

"Down with yer hands! If ye stir ag'in, I'll kill ye! I know ye, old Jim, an' ye can't catch Jake Poole nor his load this time! Down with yer hands!"

The shuddering rascal's hand fell at his side; his face grew ashen-hued, and his eyes stared before him. They were rapidly approaching Copper Tom. For an instant as they came, that worthy stood facing them; then through the fading light he saw the position of his pal, upon whom he had depended —he saw the stern, set face of the driver—he saw the furious horses plunging down upon him—and with a terror-stricken cry he turned and fled! Could he but reach the lower end of the causeway, he might escape; could he but find a single

spot to turn aside he would be safe. But it was not to be. Nearer and nearer thundered the iron-shod hoofs behind him, narrower and still narrower grew the fatal road, until there rang a horrible, despairing cry, mingled with the frightened snort of the horses, a dark something bent down before the plunging steeds, rolled an instant before their grinding feet, and then, spurned by the flying wheels, was hurled into the canyon beneath, and the coach sped on.

Half an hour later Jack Poole pulled into the corral at Dickson's ranch, and tumbling a half-fainting man from the seat at his side into the arms of the astounded hostlers, he said:

"Bind that man and give him to the sheriff! It's old Jim, the road-agent! His pard's at the bottom of the gulch in the Pass; and I reckon this one will stretch hemp when the officers get him. I've driven my last run from Gallatin! There's too much risk about the business for me!"

And Jake kept his word.

GONDOLINE.

H. K. WHITE.

THE night it was still, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
They murmured pleasantly.

When Gondoline roamed along the shore,
A maiden full fair to the sight;
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
And turned it to deadly white.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good king's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen;

And many a month had passed away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

But now despair had seized her breast
And sunken in her eye.
"Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace will die."

And now she came to a horrible rift,
All in the rock's hard side,
A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And all without was dark and drear
And all within was calm;
Yet Gondoline entered, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

Then furious peals of laughter loud
Were heard with thundering sound,
Till they died away in soft decay,
Low whispering o'er the ground.

But now a pale blue light she saw;
It from a distance came.
She followed, till upon her sight,
Burst full a flood of flame.

A burning caldron stood in the midst,
The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave so wide and long,
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the caldron stout
Twelve withered witches stood;
Their waists were bound with living snakes,
And their hair was stiff with blood.

And suddenly they joined their hands,
And uttered a joyous cry,

And round about the caldron stout
They danced right merrily.

Then spoke the first: She said she'd seen
Rare sport since the blind cat mewed;
She'd been to sea in a leaky sieve,
And a jovial storm had brewed.

She said there was a little bark
Upon the roaring wave,
And there was a woman there who'd been
To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arms,
It was her only child,
And oft its little infant pranks
Her heavy heart beguiled.

And there was, too, in that same bark,
A father and his son;
The lad was sickly, and the sire
Was old and woe-begone.

The mother clasped her orphan child
Unto her breast and wept;
And sweetly folded in her arms
The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape o' the wind,
As manfully it roared,
She twisted her hand in the infant's hair
And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs,
'Twas a glorious sight to see;
The crew could scarcely hold her down
From jumping in the sea.

And she said, the father in his arms
He held his sickly son,
And his dying throes they fast arose,
His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,
And his face grew deadly blue;
And his father he tore his thin gray hair,
And kissed the livid hue.

And then she told how she bored a hole
In the bark, and it filled away;
And 'twas rare to hear how some did swear,
And some did vow and pray.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the caldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The second told of an aged dame,
And she had a daughter fair
Whose evil habits filled her heart
With misery and care.

And one night as the old woman
Was sick and ill in bed,
And pondering solely on the life
Her wicked daughter led,

She heard her footstep on the floor,
And she raised her pallid head,
And she saw her daughter with a knife
Approaching to her bed.

And said, "My child, I'm very ill,
I have not long to live;
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die
Thy sins I may forgive."

And though that she was sick and old,
She struggled hard and fought;
The murderess cut three fingers through
Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,
The skin was mangled sore;

And they all agreed a nobler deed
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the caldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The third arose. She said she'd been
To holy Palestine;
And seen more blood in one short day,
Than they had seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame,
For much she dreaded now to hear
Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
When on the well-contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

There was a gallant-featured youth,
Who like a hero fought,
He kissed a bracelet on his wrist,
And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguised
Unto the knight she sues,
And tells him she from Britain comes,
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embarked
His love had given her hand
Unto a wealthy Thane, and thought
Him dead in Holy Land.

Then fierce he spurred his warrior steed
And sought the battle's bed;
As soon all mangled o'er with wounds,
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse she tore
His head half clove in two.
She ceased, and from beneath her garb
The bloody trophy drew.

'Twas Bertrand's head! With fearful scream,
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding-place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled—the caldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground,
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke—she half arose—and wild
She cast a horrid glare;
The sounds had ceased, the lights had fled,
And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone,
And showed a river in the cave
Which dismally did moan.

She plungèd in, the torrent moaned
With its accustomed sound,
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellowed round.

The maid was seen no more, but oft
Her ghost is known to glide
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.

THE LITTLE WHITE ANGEL OF CONNEMAUGH.

MILLER HAGEMAN.

DEEP in the valley the village lay dreaming,
Lulled by the low, drowsy sound of the mill.
Slowly the lengthening shadows were streaming
Over the river, that wound at its will.
Out of an old book an old man sat reading
The burden of doom, that the seer dimly saw,
But no one his strange words of warning was heeding,
As they fell on the valley of fair Connemaugh.

Why does the water-course suddenly widen?
Why does the willow that droops by his bed
Turn, as if touched by the breath of a Titan,
Silvery-pale with a shudder of dread?
Too loud for the tempest, too long for the thunder—
They looked out at last from their windows, and saw
A great wall that whitened each face into wonder,
As it came down the valley of dread Connemaugh.

Down from the mountains the waters came dashing
Over the dam with a rush and a roar,—
Foaming and swirling, and leaping and crashing,
Tempest behind them, and thunder before.
Onward they swept, like the swath of a reaper,
Onward, right on through the widening draw;
On, and still on, as the darkness grew deeper,
Over the dwellers in dread Connemaugh.

Down through the gorge as it shrank back abhorrent,
Wildly resounding, the loud echoes swell;
Choking its throat with the curse of the torrent,
Hoarse as a demon let loose out of hell.
Madly it licked up the tall trees before it,
Tossing the town in the air like a straw;
Till in its fury to fragments it tore it,
All that was left of once-loved Connemaugh.

Swift through that red fiery picture appalling,
Fitfully lit by the flames' ruddy glare;
On a thatched roof-top, now rising, now falling,
Smiled a little white angel with hands clasped in prayer.
She heeds not the vulture that dips in the water,
She marks not the shoot with its moon-glist'ning maw,
Repeating the prayer that her mother had taught her
Under that old roof in dear Connemaugh.

Round that old roof, oh! what fond recollections
Clung to it still, as it swept through the foam;
The cradle, the fireside, the holy affections,
The shelter whose memories made it her home.
Ah, little we dream what the dear one was saying,
What voices swept o'er her, what visions she saw;
Perchance for a scoffer those pale lips were praying,
As she smiled down the valley of dark Connemaugh.

Down where Sang Hollow runs under the willows,
Deep in the valley they found her at last,
With her white waxen hands clasped 'neath the cold billows,
Praying in death for a life that was past.
Oh, the grand faith that could never be broken!
Oh, the fixed look that was stronger than law!
Oh, the wild woe that those wrung hands betoken!
As they clung down the valley of cold Connemaugh!

Farewell, Connemaugh, to thy wild crags forever,
Farewell to the forms that lie under thy steep!
The flowers that embroider thy mountains shall never
Forget to embellish the spot where they sleep.
Farewell, but wherever in song or in story
Thy sons shall recount what thy summits once saw,
They will tell of the Little White Angel of Glory
Who died in the valley of dark Connemaugh.

AN INDIGNANT WOMAN'S RAID ON A GAMBLER.

AMONG the passengers bound for Vicksburg upon a Mississippi steamer were a Georgian and his wife. He was a large-sized, handsome man, and she was a pleasant-looking little woman, with blue eyes. One would have said that she would have screamed at a tilt of the boat.

He sat smoking with the other gentlemen, after she had retired to her stateroom, when someone proposed a game of cards. In ten minutes half-a-dozen men were shuffling cards over cabin tables, and the Georgian was matched against a stranger. He was a quiet, courteous, well-dressed man, and had been taken on board as a traveler in search of health. He was lucky with cards, but he did not propose playing for stakes. It was the nettled Georgian who proposed it. He called himself a champion hand at poker, and when he found that he had met his equal, he determined to test the stranger's financial mettle.

They had $50 on the table when the captain looked into the cabin. He caught the Georgian's eye and gave him to understand that his opponent was a river blackleg, but the other gentlemen had dropped their cards and crowded around, money was up, and the information had come too late.

The Georgian had luck with him from the start, and while he looked smiling and confident, the gambler appeared to grow excited and uneasy. His money was raked across the the table until the Georgian had $200 in greenbacks before him. The stakes had been light up to this time, both men seeming to fear each other's skill. The Georgian proposed to increase them, and the gambler agreed. In ten minutes the latter had his $200 back. Luck had turned. The Georgian lost $20, then $50, then $80, then $100.

The gambler's face wore a quiet smile, as the Georgian grew nervous. His hands trembled as he held up his cards, and his face was wet with moisture.

"Come, gentlemen," said one of the group, "let's have a general hand for amusement, and then turn in."

The Georgian looked up with a fixed glance, and replied:

"I have lost $400! He must give me a fair show!"

The play went on. The heap of greenbacks at the gambler's right hand grew large. Once in a while the Georgian won, but he lost $10 for every one he gained. He finally laid down his cards, pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket and counted out $300.

This was his pile. In less than ten minutes every dollar of it had been added to the gambler's heap.

"Gentlemen, will you smoke?" asked the gambler, as he turned around and drew out his cigar case. "I am sorry for my friend, but you will agree that the play was fair."

The Georgian had passed out on the promenade deck. The gambler turned to his stack of bills and was counting them, when there was a sharp exclamation, the sounds of a brief struggle, and the little woman with blue eyes and chestnut curls entered the cabin. She was half undressed, a shawl thrown over her shoulders, and she had a revolver in her hand.

No one had seen her leave her stateroom and cross the cabin. No one knew that her husband had the revolver in his hand as she came upon him.

"Go back!" he whispered, "I am coming in a moment!"

With a swift motion she seized the weapon, wrenched it from his grasp, and as she came down the cabin to the table at which the gambler sat, her blue eyes were full of fire. The gambler looked up. The hammer of the revolver came up with a double click. A white arm stretched out, and the muzzle of the revolver looked straight into the gambler's face. He turned pale; the men fell back.

For half a minute the deep silence was broken only by the faint splash of the paddle-wheels.

"Go!" she said.

He looked into her flaming eyes as if he could defy her.

"Go!"

He rose and reached for the money.

"Leave it!" she whispered, making a threatening motion with the revolver.

He retreated. She followed. Foot by foot he backed across the cabin, the muzzle of the revolver always on a line with his face. He backed through the door on the promenade deck and the railing was there.

"Jump!" she whispered.

The boat was running along within three hundred feet of the shore. Over the rail to the water was a terrible leap.

"You can have the money," he said.

"Jump!" she repeated.

"I will not!"

The arm came up a little, and the light from the cabin showed him a bold, strange, determined look on her face. He turned about, shivered, and was over the rail, leaping far out, and unable to suppress a cry of alarm as he felt himself going down. He reached the shore in safety.

This woman had saved her husband's fortune and his life.

THE WITCH'S CAVERN.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

IT was when the heats of noon died gradually away from the earth, that Glaucus and Ione went forth to enjoy the cooled and grateful air. They lingered until Hesperus appeared in the rosy heavens, and then were returning homeward in the twilight, when a storm began to creep visibly over them. At first, a low and distant thunder gave warning of the approaching conflict of the elements. A few large drops broke heavily among the boughs that half overhung their path, and then, swift and intolerably bright, the forked lightning darted across their very eyes, and was swallowed up by the increasing darkness. Suddenly their carriage struck violently into a deep rut, over which lay a log of fallen wood, the wheel was torn from the socket, and the carriage suddenly overset.

The lane was overshadowed with trees, beneath the amplest of which Glaucus drew Ione. But the rain descended with a fury that broke through all puny obstacles; and suddenly the lightning struck one of the trees immediately before them, and split its trunk in twain with a mighty crash. This awful incident apprised them of the danger they braved in their present shelter, and Glaucus looked anxiously around for some less perilous place of refuge.

"We are now," said he, "half-way up the ascent of Vesuvius; there ought to be some cavern or hollow on the vine-clad rocks, could we but find it, in which the deserting nymphs have left a shelter."

While thus saying, he moved from the trees, and, looking wistfully toward the mountain, discovered through the advancing gloom a red and tremulous light.

Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus advanced toward the light, which burned red and steadfastly. Precipitous and rough crags of scorched lava frowned before them, rendered more fearful by the lightning that illumined the dark and dangerous soil.

The lovers stopped in perplexity and doubt, when suddenly, as the darkness that gloomed between the fierce flashes of lightning once more wrapped them round, they saw near, but high before them, the mysterious light. They resolved to ascend toward it, and at length stood opposite the mouth of a kind of cavern; and, looking into the gloom, each drew back involuntarily with a superstitious fear and chill.

A fire burned in the far recess of the cave; over it was a small caldron. On that part of the wall, at the base of which burned the fire, hung in many rows, as if to dry, a profusion of herbs and weeds. A fox, couched before the fire, gazed upon the strangers with its bright red eye—its hair bristling—and a low growl stealing from between its teeth.

But it was not this that thrilled the blood of those who gazed fearfully therein—it was the face of its inmate. Before the fire, with the light shining full upon her features, sat a woman of considerable age. With stony eyes turned upon them; with a look that met and fascinated theirs; they

beheld in that fearful countenance the very image of a corpse,—the glazed and lustreless regard; the blue and shrunken lips; the livid, green, ghastly skin, which seemed all surely tinged and tainted by the grave.

"It is a dead thing!" said Glaucus.

"Nay—it stirs—it is a ghost or larva," faltered Ione, as she clung to Glaucus's breast.

"Who are ye?" asked a hollow and ghostly voice. "And what do ye here?"

"We are storm-beaten wanderers from the neighboring city," answered Glaucus, "and decoyed hither by yon light. We crave shelter and the comfort of your hearth."

As he spoke, the fox rose from the ground and advanced toward the strangers, showing from end to end its white teeth and deepening in its menacing growl.

"Down, slave!" said the witch; and the beast dropped at once, covering its face with its brush and keeping only its quick, vigilant eye fixed upon the invaders. "Come to the fire if ye will!" said she, turning to Glaucus and his companion. "I never welcome living thing—save the owl, the fox, the toad and the viper; but come to the fire without welcome. Why stand upon form?"

She did not stir from her seat, but gazed stonily upon them as Glaucus now placed Ione upon a log of wood which was the only other seat at hand.

"We disturb you, I fear," said the silver voice of Ione, in conciliation.

The witch did not reply.

"Hast thou dwelt here long?" asked Glaucus, after a pause, feeling uncomfortably oppressed beneath a silence so appalling.

"Ah, long!—yes."

"It is but a drear abode."

"Ha! thou mayst well say that—Hell is beneath us!" replied the hag, pointing her bony finger to the earth. "And I will tell thee a secret—the dim things below are preparing wrath for ye above,—you, the young, and the thoughtless, and the beautiful."

"Thou utterest but evil words, ill-becoming the hospitable," said Glaucus, "and in future I will brave the tempest rather than thy welcome."

"Thou wilt do well. None should ever seek me—save the wretched!"

"And why the wretched?" asked Glaucus.

"I am the witch of the mountain," replied the sorceress, with a ghastly grin, "my trade is to give hope to the hopeless. For the crossed in love I have philtres; for the avaricious, promises of treasure; for the malicious, potions of revenge; for the happy and the good, I have only what life has—curses! Trouble me no more."

With this she relapsed into a silence so obstinate that Glaucus in vain endeavored to draw her into further conversation. The young, the all-beautiful Ione, seated by that rude fire—her lover, already forgetful of the presence of the hag, gazing upward to her face, and whispering sweet words—and the ghastly hag resting her deadly eyes upon them, made a group worthy of the painter's art. The fox regarded them from his corner with his keen and fiery eye; and as Glaucus now turned toward the witch, he perceived, for the first time, just under her seat, the bright gaze and crested head of a large snake. The vivid coloring of the cloak thrown over Ione's shoulders attracted the reptile's anger, and its crest began to glow and rise, as if menacing and preparing itself to spring upon her. Glaucus caught quickly at one of the half-burned logs upon the hearth. As if enraged by the action, the snake came forth from its shelter, and with a loud hiss raised itself till its height nearly approached that of Glaucus.

"Witch!" cried Glaucus, "command thy creature, or thou wilt see it dead."

"It has been despoiled of its venom!" said the witch, aroused at his threat.

But ere the words had left her lips, the snake had sprung upon Glaucus. Quick and watchful, the agile Greek leaped lightly aside, and struck so fell and dexterous a blow on the

head of the snake, that it fell prostrate and writhing among the embers of the fire.

The hag sprang up and stood confronting Glaucus with a face that would have befitted the fiercest of the furies.

"Thou hast," said she, in a slow and steady voice, "thou hast had shelter under my roof, and warmth at my hearth; thou hast returned evil for good; thou hast smitten and haply slain the thing that loved me and was mine. By the moon, who is the guardian of the sorceress—by Orcus, who is treasurer of wrath—I curse thee! and thou art cursed! And thou," she added, turning sharply toward Ione, and raising her right arm, when Glaucus burst impetuously on her speech.

"Hag!" cried he, "forbear! Me thou hast cursed, and I defy and scorn thee! but breathe but one word against yon maiden, and I will convert the oath on thy foul lips to thy dying groan. Beware!"

"I have done," replied the hag, laughing wildly; "for in thy doom is she who loves thee accursed. And not the less that I heard her lips breathe thy name, and know by what word to commend thee to the demons. Glaucus, thou art doomed!"

So saying, the witch turned away, and kneeling down beside her wounded favorite, which she dragged from the hearth, she turned to them her face no more.

"O Glaucus!" moaned Ione, "what have we done? Let us hasten from this place. Good mistress, forgive him—recall thy words—accept this peace-offering to unsay the said," and Ione placed her purse on the hag's lap.

"Away!" said she, bitterly, "away! The oath once woven the Fates alone can untie. Away!"

"Come!" said Glaucus, impatiently. "Thinkest thou that the gods above us or below hear the impotent ravings of dotage? Come!"

Loud and long rang the echoes of the cavern with the dread laugh of the saga; she deigned no further delay.

The lovers breathed more freely when they gained the

open air. The storm had subsided—save, now and then, thunder muttered at the distance amid the darker clouds, or a momentary flash of lightning affronted the sovereignty of the moon. With some difficulty they regained their road, where they found their vehicle, already sufficiently repaired for their departure, and the carrucarius calling loudly upon Hercules to tell him where his charge had vanished.

EVEN IN DEATH.

HELEN CORINNE BERGEN.

YOU come to tell me she is dying—is it so, indeed?
The once fair Desdemona dying! Fond heart, how
you bleed!
She played me false. Why care if now she dying be?
She suffers; I have suffered. Now I laugh for glee,
For now she bids farewell to earth and him who came
Between us. Yet, 'twas fate, not she, who was to blame!
With some, love rushes torrent-like adown the soul.
In vain they strive to hold their madness in control;
They make a mill-dam of their will, and strive with this
To check the current of their love, but agile bliss
O'erbounds this barrier mild, and with a vaulting leap
Swift rushes down with doubled speed, an ocean deep.
Beat not so fast, my heart. Come, come, I pray, be calm!
You'll never find for your dread grief a healing balm
Save Death! He were a blessed comforter—not vain.
One touch of *his* cold hand, then all were o'er. Nor pain
Nor further fear. O heart, with her you then could rest,
And, resting with her, think yourself divinely blest.
But vain this talking! She is dying, so they say—
What, messenger! Not dead? Bring wine without delay,
I'll drink her health—Oh, dead, you say,—
What means this dead?
Oh, yes, I know, her bright eyes dull—spirit fled,
And only clay is left!—No heart—drink, drink—to slay—

Me with indifference,—for now she lies—ho! stay!
More wine, heart's blood, bring on the flowing blood-red wine,
Now do I rejoice! What, dead,—oh, rapture most divine.
Oh, shout your praise! Sing "Freedom," Desdemona dead!
But what is this? My sudden joy is sudden fled?
Soft music floats through mournful air,—a glittering hearse—
O God! Did Desdemona hear my uttered curse?
The milk-white steeds draw near; an angel's chorus sweet
Thrills through my soul, with mystic melody replete.
I hear the bells—so soft their chime, so sweet their monotone!
'Tis Desdemona's funeral day. I would it were mine own!

MY LADY'S COACH.

MY lady hath a sable coach,
And horses two and four;
My lady hath a gaunt bloodhound
That runneth on before.
My lady's coach hath nodding plumes;
The coachman hath no head.
My lady's face is ashen white,
As one that long is dead.

"Now, pray, step in, my lady saith;
"Now, pray step in and ride."
"I thank thee, I had rather walk
Than gather to thy side."
The wheels go round without a sound
Of tramp or turn of wheels,
As a cloud at night in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

"Now, pray, step in," my lady saith:
"Now, prithee, come to me."
She takes the baby from the crib
And sets it on her knee.

The wheels go round without a sound
Of tramp or turn of wheels,
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight
Onward the carriage steals.

"Now, pray, step in," my lady saith,
"Now, pray, step in and ride!"
Then, deadly pale, in wedding-veil,
She takes to her the bride.
The wheels go round without a sound
Of tramp or turn of wheels,
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

"Now, pray, step in," my lady saith,
"There's room, I wot, for you."
She waved her hand, the coach did stand,
The squire within she drew.
The wheels go round without a sound
Of tramp or turn of wheels,
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

"Now, pray, step in," my lady saith,
"Why shouldst thou trudge afoot?"
She took the gaffer in by her,
His crutches in the boot.
The wheels go round without a sound
Of tramp or turn of wheels,
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

I'd rather walk a hundred miles,
And run by night and day,
Than have the carriage halt for me,
And hear my lady say:
"Now, pray, step in, and make no din,
I prithee, come and ride.
There's room, I trow, by me for you
And all the world beside."

FAUSTUS'S LAST SPEECH ON EARTH.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

AH, Faustus, now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
Oh, spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'Tis gone; and see, where God
Stretcheth out His arm and bends His ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! No! Then will I headlong run into the earth.
Earth, gape! Oh, no, it will not harbor me!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

[*A clock strikes.*]

Ah, half the hour is passed! 'Twill be all passed anon.
O God, if thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved!
No end is limited to damnèd souls.

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
For when they die, their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Cursed be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*Clock strikes twelve.*]

Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
O soul, be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

[*Enter devils.*]

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! Ah, Mephistophiles!

[*Exeunt devils with* FAUSTUS.]

IN HIS WAY A HERO.

EDWIN PUGH.

[From "Bettles," by permission of Henry Holt & Co., publishers.]

HE was in the Thirty-first.

It was during the Soudanese war. I remember him well—a full private, with the blackest of records, a red-eyed, loose-lipped little cockney, with an inordinate thirst. He was as pugnacious as a bull-terrier. He had stood up to one-third of the men in his regiment and been thrashed every time. He was grubby, he was mean, he was vulgar. But he was a hero, too, in his way. In these decadent days we

can't be too particular about our heroes. It is sweet to know Bettles was one.

The fight was virtually over, and our troops were moving northward in the valley of the Nile. We were in hopes that the "Fuzzies" would trouble us no more, but they did.

One morning, as we were breaking up camp, a hard scream that we knew well rose on the heavy air, and a black, rapidly moving mass swept over the ridge of a line of hills half a mile away. In an instant the camp was in a state of upheaval. The Tommies grabbed their guns and scrambled to their feet, officers shouted, corporals swore; camels were kicked on to their legs; on all sides sounded the rattle of accoutrements.

The enemy had halted at the base of the hills, and one of them, a chief presumably, began to make a speech.

"The bloomin' mugs!" said Bettles, with large contempt, "they always fool about like that instead o' gettin' one home quick. 'Ere they come!"

There was a moment of tense silence, broken only by the heavy tread of the oncoming horses' hoofs and the busy patter-patter of bare feet. Then, as the poor, black wretches hurled themselves against our bristling front, the guns spoke, and a pandemonium of yells, shrieks and curses rent the air.

A few of the enemy had muskets—old-fashioned, long-stocked affairs, with pin-triggers and chased butts. A bullet from one of them took Bettles under the chin. He fell back through our shivering line of infantry, and we picked him up and laid him among the baggage behind the camels.

He asked me: "Is it domino, doctor?"

"Shut up, you young fool!" I said, for I was very busy, and his talking hindered me, besides being precious bad for him.

"Can't I have jest one more cut at 'em, doc.?" he said.

"If you stand up, you'll die!" I told him. "Close your head and be still! Do you think I can waste all my time on you?"

He grinned at me and fainted.

I was too much occupied to notice, but it seems that the enemy beat us back almost to the baggage camels before they were fully repulsed. When Bettles opened his eyes again, the battle was raging close upon him. He could smell the powder and the blood. Where the Fuzzies struck the line it caved in and thinned. He could see, over the shoulders of the dirty-red coats, the glistening, infuriated faces of the enemy. He became excited. "Go it, you cripples!" he was shouting. He was rolling over and beating the sand with his clenched fist.

Two men broke through the disordered line and fell across Bettles' feet. One of the men was a long-limbed Arab, the other was Bander, who had been the last man to thrash Bettles in camp. Bander's hair was stiff with gore and sweat, and blinding blood was bubbling from a gash across his forehead. It was a bad moment for Bander. The Arab had thrown him over and was kneeling on his stomach, throttling the life out of him. He heard Bettles yelling at the Arab, and sobbing and shouting out: "Bander's done! poor old Bander's done! Hi! somebody come an' kill the Fuzzy!"

But there was no one to heed Bettles's appeal. One poor, half-decapitated wretch and Bettles were all who knew what was happening. Bander's eyes began to bulge. The Arab felt for his knife.

"I can't stick this no 'ow!" said Bettles.

He got up dizzily and stretched out his hand and clutched a broken bayonet. The curling steel cut his hand to the bone. He leaned forward, seized the Arab by the nape of the neck, and drove the impromptu weapon deep into his leathery back. Bander said, "Thanks, ole man!" and then they both fainted, and fell across each other on the hot red sand.

We did what we could for Bettles afterward, but it was no good, of course. We made him a rough bed out of some old canvas, and delayed the breaking-up of the camp until the end came. He lay there raving, and we stood looking at him and listening.

"Fine stewing mussels!" he was shouting, thickly, "and they're like wine here! Six a pennay-ee! Blowters, mem? 'Alf peck for a lady, 'Ria!"

"He did a bit o' costermongering once," Bander explained to us, blubbering like a schoolgirl. "I often uster see 'im coming up from Coving Garden wi' sacks o' spuds, pore feller!"

Beetles heard Bander's voice.

"Take yer 'ands off the barrer, can't yer?" he snarled. "You, Bander! Take yer 'ands off the barrer, or'll I put you in yer hat, mighty quick!"

And that is how he died. It was not quite a limelight effect, I admit. But, then, real heroes don't go in for limelight effects!

THE STORY OF DICK.

FRANK L. STANTON.

"MEANEST boy in town," they said,
When Dick's name wuz mentioned;
"Beat all boys alive or dead;"
"Wicked, bad-intentioned!"
"Better keep your boys apart;"
"Bound to break his mother's heart!"

That's the way they talked o' him—
Lazy little rover;
Till one mornin', sad an' dim,
Dick—he got run over!
Bruised an' bleedin'—raised his head:
"Don't tell mother!" All he said!

Last words on his lips: "Don't tell
Mother!" As they listened
Felt the hearts within 'em swell
While the tear-drops glistened!
"Don't tell mother!" Ragged, rough!
But them last words said enough!

THE PASSING OF OLAF.

MARIE CORELLI.

[Old Olaf Guldmar, a Norwegian *bonde*, a pagan, has been thrown from his sledge and hurt unto death. Valdemar Svensen—his servant, companion and friend—had found him unconscious, and borne him home. He now sits waiting in hopeless misery for the end.]

THE snowfall had ceased, the wind had sunk; there was a frost-bound, monotonous calm. The picturesque dwelling of the *bonde* was white in every part, and fringed with long icicles. The deserted dove-cote on the roof was a miniature ice-palace, curiously festooned with thin threads and crested pinnacles of frozen snow. Within the house there was silence—the silence of approaching desolation. Here, toward the obscure noon, Olaf Guldmar awoke from his long trance of insensibility. In the earnest and watchful countenance that bent above his pillow, he slowly recognized his friend, companion and servant, Valdemar Svensen, and though returning consciousness brought with it throbs of agonizing pain, he strove to smile, and feebly stretched out his hand. Valdemar grasped it—kissed it—then the *bonde* lay quiet for a few moments as though endeavoring to collect his thoughts. Presently he spoke; his voice was faint yet distinct.

"What has happened, Valdemar?" he asked. "How is it that strength has departed from me?"

Svensen dropped on his knees by the bedside.

"An accident, my Lord Olaf," he began, falteringly.

Guldmar's eyes suddenly lightened.

"Ah, I remember!" he said; "the rush down the valley —I remember all!" He paused, then added, gently: "And so the end has come, Valdemar?"

Svensen uttered a passionate exclamation of distress.

"Let not my lord say so!" he murmured, appealingly, with the air of a subject entreating favor from a king. "Or, if it must be, let me also travel with thee wherever thou goest!"

Olaf Guldmar's gaze rested on him with a musing tenderness.

"'Tis a far journey," he said, simply, "and thou art not summoned."

He lifted his arm to test its force. For one second it was uplifted, then it fell powerless to his side.

"I am conquered!" he went on, with a cheerful air, though the excruciating anguish caused by his movement made him wince a little and grow paler.

"Wine, Valdemar! Fill the horn cup to the brim and bring it to me—I must have strength to speak—before I depart—on the last great journey."

Obediently and in haste Svensen filled the cup and gave it to him, watching him with a sort of superstitious reverence as he drained off its contents and returned it empty.

"Ah! That warms this freezing blood of mine," he said, the lustre flashing back into his eyes. "'Twill find fresh force to flow a brief while longer. Valdemar—I have little time to spend with thee—I feel death *here*"—and he slightly touched his chest—"cold—cold and heavy. But the warmth of a new, strong life awaits me—a life of never-ending triumph! All is well—and my soul is full of rejoicing. Valdemar—there is but one thing now thou hast to do for me—the one great service thou hast sworn to render. Fulfil thine oath!"

Valdemar's brown cheek blanched, his lips quivered, he flung up his hands in wild appeal.

"Not yet, not yet, my lord!" he cried, passionately. "Wait but a little—there is time. Think for one moment—think! Why would my lord depart in haste as though he were wrathful, from the land he has loved—from the vassal who implores his pardon for pleading against a deed he dares not do?"

"Dares not—dares not!" cried the *bonde*, springing up half-erect from his couch, in spite of pain, and looking like some enraged old lion with his tossed, streaming hair and glittering eyes. "Serf as thou art, and coward! Thinkest thou an oath such as thine is but a thread of hair, to be

snapped at thy pleasure? As surely as the seven stars shine on the white brow of Thor, evil shall be upon thee if thou refusest to perform the vow thou hast sworn!"

The pride, the supreme authority, which flushed the old man's features, were almost terrible in their impressive grandeur. The effect of his manner on Valdemar was instantaneous. His head drooped; he stretched out his hands imploringly.

"Let not my lord curse his servant," he faltered. "I am ready—I have sworn—the oath shall be kept to its utmost end!"

A strange, unearthly radiance transfigured Guldmar's visage.

"Trouble is departing swiftly from me," he murmured. "Trouble and I shall know each other no more!"

He raised himself nearly erect, and pointed outward with a commanding gesture.

"Bear me hence!" he cried, in ringing tones, "hence to the mountains and the sea!"

With a sort of mechanical, swift obedience, Valdemar threw open the door. A hand-sledge stood outside the porch, and to this Valdemar prepared to carry the *bonde* in his herculean arms; but the old man, filled with strange, almost delirious force, declared himself able to stand, and though suffering deadly anguish at every step, did in truth manage to reach and enter the sledge, strongly supported by Valdemar. There, however, he fainted, and his faithful servant, covering his insensible form with furs, thought he was dead. But there was now no time for hesitation—dead or living, Olaf Guldmar's will was law to his vassal—an oath had been made and must be kept.

He was conscious of staggering blindly onward, weighted with a heavy, helpless burden. He felt the slippery pier beneath his feet, the driving snow and icy wind on his face; but he was as one in a dream, realizing nothing plainly, till with a wild start he seemed to awake and lo! he stood on the glassy deck of the "Valkyrie" with the body of his "King" stretched senseless before him—his pallid face upturned, his hair and beard as white as the snow that clung to

the masts of his vessel, his hand clenched on the fur garment that enwrapped him as with a robe of royalty.

As Valdemar knelt and wept unrestrainedly, a soft change, a delicate transparence, swept over the dark bosom of the sky.

At the same moment Olaf Guldmar stirred, and began to speak drowsily without opening his eyes.

"Dawn on the sea!" he murmured. "The white waves gleam and sparkle beneath the prow, and the ship makes swift way through the waters!"

He suddenly opened his eyes and raised himself half-erect.

"Set sail!" he cried. "Why do we linger? The wind favors us, and the lights beckon from the harbor!"

He bent his brows and looked angrily at Svensen.

"Do what thou hast to do!" and his tones were sharp and imperious. "I must press on!"

An expression of terror, pain, and pity passed over the sailor's countenance. For one instant he hesitated; the next, he descended into the hold of the vessel. He was absent for a very little space. When he returned, Olaf Guldmar was still gazing at the brilliancy in the heavens. Svensen took his hand; it was icy cold, and damp with the dews of death.

"Let me go with thee!" he implored, in broken accents. "I fear nothing! Why should I not venture also on the last voyage?"

Guldmar made a faint but decided sign of rejection.

"The viking sails alone to the grave of his fathers!" he said, with a proud smile. "Alone—alone! Neither wife, nor child, nor vassal may have place with him in his ship—even so have the gods willed it. Farewell, Valdemar! Loosen the ropes and let me go!—hasten—I am weary of waiting—"

His head fell back—that mysterious shadow which darkens the face of the dying a moment before dissolution was on him now.

Just then a strange, suffocating odor began to permeate the air. Little wreaths of pale smoke made their slow way through the boards of the deck and a fierce gust of wind swayed

the "Valkyrie" uneasily to and fro. Slowly, and with evident reluctance, Svensen commenced the work of detaching her from the pier. When but one slender rope remained to be cast off, he knelt by the old man's side and whispered that all was done. At the same moment a small, stealthy tongue of red flame curled upward through the deck from the hold, and Guldmar smiled.

"I see thou hast redeemed thine oath," he said, pressing Svensen's hand. "'Tis the last act of thine allegiance. Already the light shines from the Rainbow Bridge! Go, Valdemar! Delay no longer, for my soul is impatient—it struggles to be free! Go!—and—farewell!"

Svensen kissed his master's hand for the last time. Then, with a fierce sobbing groan, he sprang off the vessel. Standing at the extreme edge of the pier, he let slip the last rope that bound her, her sails filled and bulged outward, her cordage creaked, she shuddered on the water, lurched a little, then paused.

In that brief moment a loud triumphant cry rang through the air. Olaf Guldmar leaped upright on the deck as though lifted by some invisible hand. His white hair gleamed like spun silver; his face was transfigured, and wore a strange, rapt look of pale yet splendid majesty; the dark furs that clung about him trailed in regal folds to his feet.

"Hark!" he cried, and his voice vibrated with deep and mellow clearness. "Hark to the thunder of the galloping hoofs!—see—see the glitter of the shield and spear! Glory! —joy!—victory!"

Even as he spoke, the "Valkyrie" plunged forward, driven forcibly by a swooping gust of wind, and scudded out of the fjord like a wild bird flying before a tempest—and, while she thus fled, a sheet of flame burst through her sides and blazed upward, mingling a lurid smoky glow with the clear crimson radiance of the still brilliant and crown-like aurora. Fire folded up her spars and sails in a devouring embrace—fire that leaped and played and sent a million showering sparks mounting upward to the sky, and with them went the soul of Olaf the pagan—mounting upward to his God.

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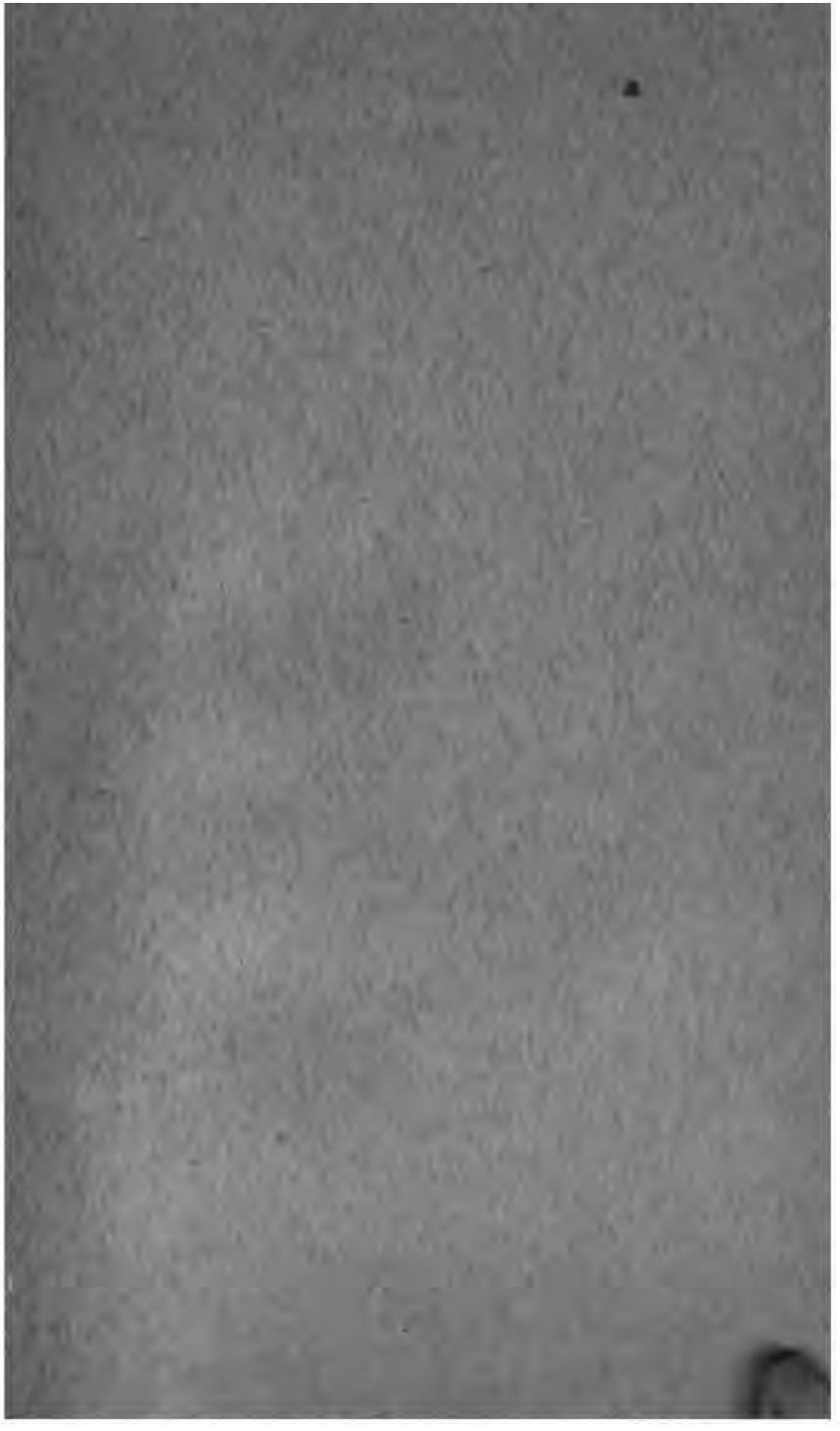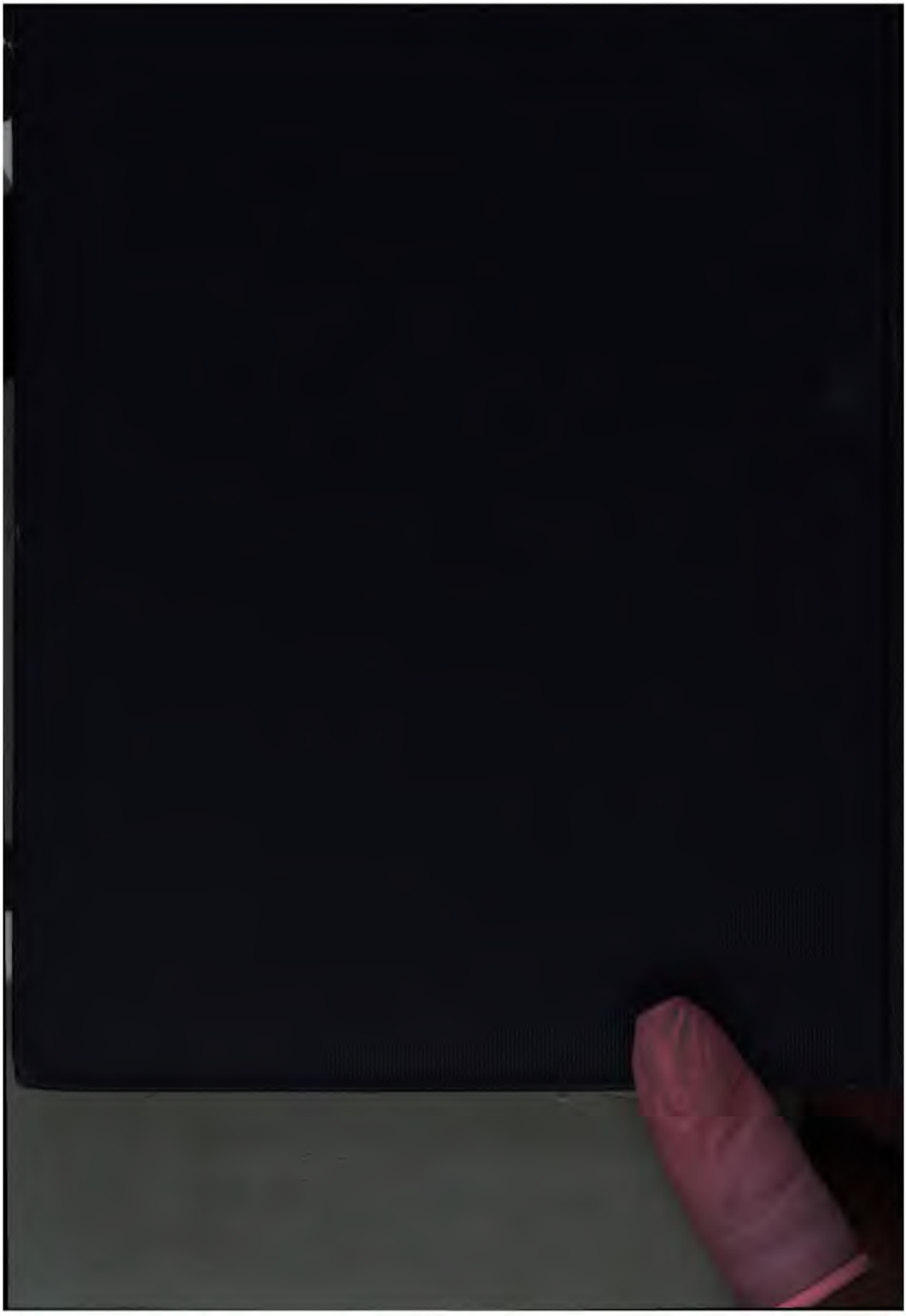
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